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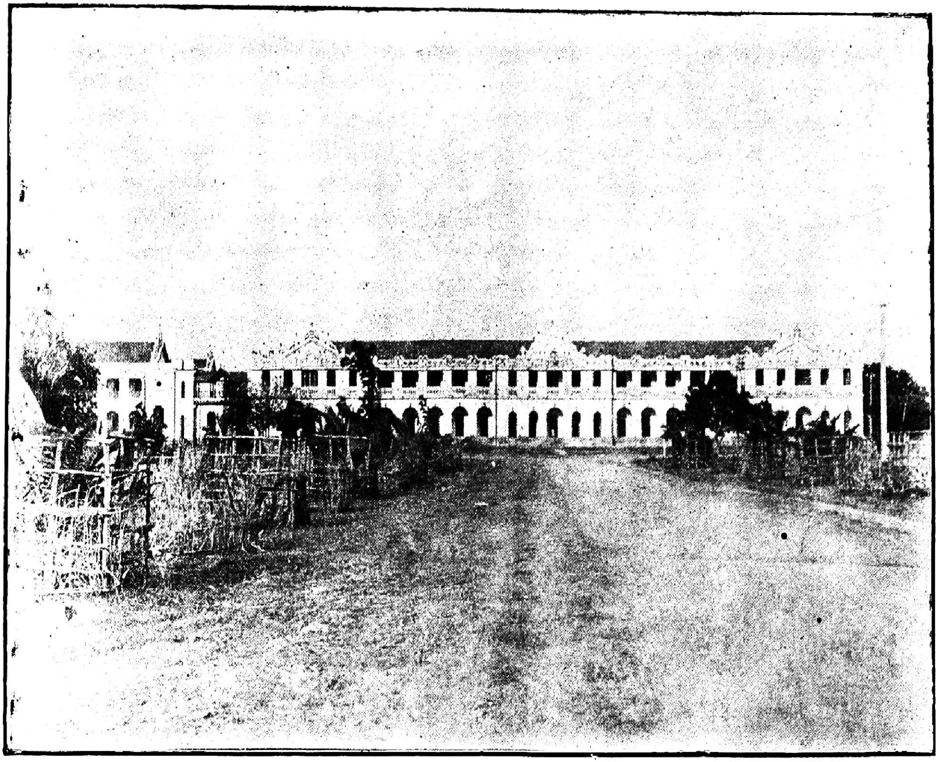

UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.

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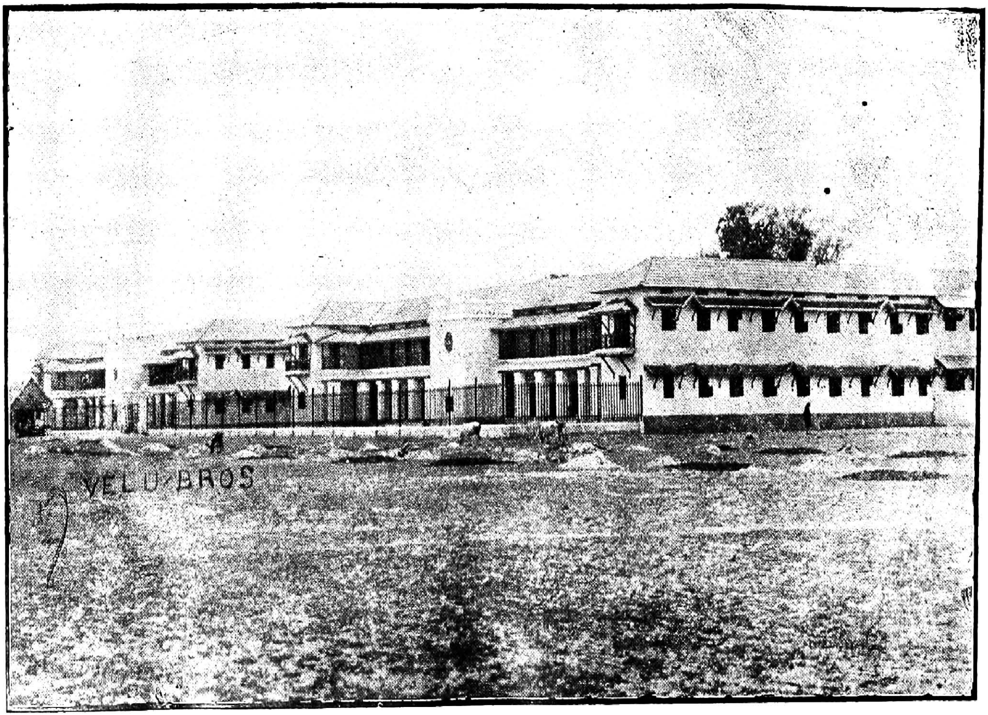


UNIVERSITY HOSTEL.

Editorial Comment.

This is only the third number of the University Miscellany. We have no hoary tradition to keep us on the beaten path. The University Journal of Research is just trying to come into existence. We may therefore do well to lay down some general lines of policy to guide us in our work. The Miscellany has been, and, we hope, will continue to be, in spite of the Journal of Research that is appearing on the horizon, a joint effort of the staff and the students. The Journal of Research has a different role to play. Learned discoveries may well find their way to it. The *art* of writing will have larger scope in these pages than in the Journal. Formal beauty and grace are not the qualities one generally associates with a Research Journal, and we of the Miscellany will always give more value to artistic creation than to dry investigations. Ours will be a varied menu: we shall certainly never be content to live on a purely light diet, but we may not often touch anything that is indigestible. May we then ask our contributors to attempt Short stories, Imaginary conversations, Character-sketches, Humourous poems, as well as the *Essay* which last tends too often to be the staple article for our consumption ?

The Miscellany is the real spokesman of the young or adolescent mind of the University, and we may not be brow- beaten by the high-browed who would demand from us nothing but the serious and the sober which we associate with the aged if more mature mind.

The University Authorities have all been functioning with the zeal which we can well expect of them. Research Fellowships and Studentships have been instituted. Attempt is being made to bring out suitable text-books in Tamil with a view to the ultimate adoption of Tamil as the medium of Instruction in the University. The Nyaya Branch is added to the other four branches offered for the Siromani Course. Instruction in French and German for the Certificate of Proficiency has begun. The Honours course in Philosophy is revised in view of the recommendations of the Indian Philosophical Congress. Honours course in Tamil is well on its way, and the ordinary B. A. degree courses are under consideration at the moment. The Authorities have been going warily about their work. As a Unitary, Teaching and Residential University, we can afford to have a much higher standard than that of the affiliating Universities, and it is perhaps our bounden duty to aim at some distinction beyond the reach of those other centres of learning. We hope that the Authorities are aware of this point of view, and we look forward to New Schools in this University in almost every branch of study. The Authorities may well look for some guidance to the curricula and educational methods of Cambridge, Oxford and other Universities of Europe and America, as well as to the needs of the

country, and not confine themselves to the experience of affiliating Universities, which have an altogether different set of problems to tackle.

The outstanding function of the last term was the Durbar held by the Collector of South Arcot to confer upon our beloved Vice-Chancellor the insignia of the Title of Rao Bahadur. The main hall of this University was crowded to its utmost capacity to see this honour so richly deserved, bestowed upon Mr. S. E. Runganadhan. It is no exaggeration to say that Rao Bahadur S.E. Runganadhan is the soul of this University, and we hope he will have many more years of solid work in this sphere of activity. The high encomiums showered upon him by Mr. Brigstocke were but the echoes of every individual mind from among the audience, and the presence on the occasion of the Hon'ble Rajah Sir S.R.M. Annamalai Chettiar of Chettinad, the Founder, speaks volumes of the regard in which the Vice-Chancellor is held by those who love this University on this side idolatry. The Rajah Saheb treated the guests of the evening to a sumptuous tea-party and the freedom with which he moved among them enlivened the function and endeared it to everybody present.

The Library has been making rapid progress. Over 3000 new volumes have been added since January last, and before the year is out we expect to have another 3000. Of Scientific and learned periodicals we have 250. The new methods of classification and cataloguing, as well as the open access system, have made the Library very popular and extremely useful. And now that it is

kept open from 7–30 A.M. to 5–30 P.M. on all days—Sundays and Public Holidays too being working days for the Library--the staff and the students alike may be seen, almost at any time during the day, poring over the books they love within the limited space kept at their disposal. May we hope that this problem of space is tackled early enough ?

Of Extension Lectures there has been such a large number during this year that we are confident that no University in the world can compete with us in this respect. Almost every member of the staff has had his turn, at least once, and two distinguished outsiders have delivered courses of lectures, one of five and the other six. Mr. S. Shrikantayya, B.A., B.L., Secretary of the Mythic Society of Bangalore spoke, in five lectures, on the Foundations of the Vijayanagar Empire and Vidyaranya's part therein ; and M.R.Ry. R. Raghava Ayyangar Avl., Samasthanam Pandit of Ramnad, discoursed on several subjects all related directly or indirectly to Tamil culture. All the extension lectures were well attended, but naturally enough the largest audiences were attracted by these two distinguished outsiders.

We offer our felicitations to Messrs. P. Ganapathi (Mathematics), G. Sivaramakrishnan (Physics), B. V. Ramanujam (History), A. R. Kuppuswami (Economics) and D. Subramanian (Sanskrit) on their having obtained Research studentships this year.

The results of the University examinations held in last April are satisfactory. In the Final Honours Exa-

minations, 17 passed out of 19. In the B. A. Degree Examination, 38 out of 103 passed in both parts. 21 passed in Part I only, and 19 in Part II only. In the Intermediate Examination, out ot 152 that were sent up. 45 passed completely, 10 securing first class. In the B.A. Honours Preliminary Examination, 28 out of 32 came out successful. In the B. A. Degree Examination, held in October, out of 27 that appeared 11 passed in both parts, 3 in Part I only, and 6 in Part II only.

About the end of the last academic year the staff entertained the students of the University to a tea, and as far as we could gather, it proved a grand success. May we have a repetition this year of this tried receipe of social intercourse ?

A new institution known as the Staff Club has come into existence this year. The Vice-Chancellor is the President, and Mr. G. V. Krishnaswami Ayyangar, and Dr. B. V. Narayanaswami Naidu are the Secretaries. The Club is indebted to the Rajah Saheb for the use of the European guest house as their premises; but the interest the staff take in it, and the able management of its enthusiastic secretaries suggest the possibility, at some distant date, of the Club having a building of its own with all the accessories one associates with a flourishing institution of its kind.

The Founder's Day was celebrated with great *eclat* on the 8th and 9th of November. It was a day of 48 hours, and one wished it had been a little longer still—so

crowded was the whole programme. We began with sports and ended with *Matta Vilasa Prahasanam*. In between, we swayed several times from gay to grave and from grave to gay. We had Harikatha, Shakuntala and Music, as well as discourses on the ideals of a University, exhortations to notice the needs of the hour and a rebuke or encouragement--we do not know which--in respect of our duties here. As was to be expected, everybody gave his own tribute of praise to the Founder to whom South India owes so much, but far more eloquent than any words was the atmosphere of the place ringing with the gratitude that filled every heart in the University. One had only to be here these two days to realize how highly are appreciated the benefactions of the illustrious Founder of this Unitary Teaching and Residential University. Sir M. Visveswaraya stressed the need of opening Technological and Commerce Departments; Diwan Bahadur Rangachariar traversed the whole field of Educational activities from Australia to America travelling westward, and brought home to us the necessity of excelling *even* Madras. Dr. Subbarayan reminded us of the University being a centre of Tamil learning and culture, and the Vice-Chancellor drew pointed attention of the audience to the Teaching and Residential character of this unique centre of learning in South India. Sir M. Visveswaraya seemed to suggest that we have too many thinkers and too few workers. We may remember, however, what Sir M. Visveswaraya knows too well, that workers themselves in other lands have begun to be thinkers and that the work turned out by them has attained its present efficiency mainly on account of the aid it has received from thinking. We wonder whether

there is really an 'over-production of thinkers' in Modern India. While therefore admitting the necessity of expansion on the material side, we would remind our readers of the fact that man does not live by bread alone, that the aesthetic and spiritual needs of man are almost as great, if not greater. What we want is the improvement of our cultural education alongside of a steady pursuit of modern vocational training. In a University at least we may keep that balance of mind which characterises a really great people.

On the whole it was a most pleasant function and most thought-provoking.

The receipt of the following Magazines in exchange is acknowledged with thanks.

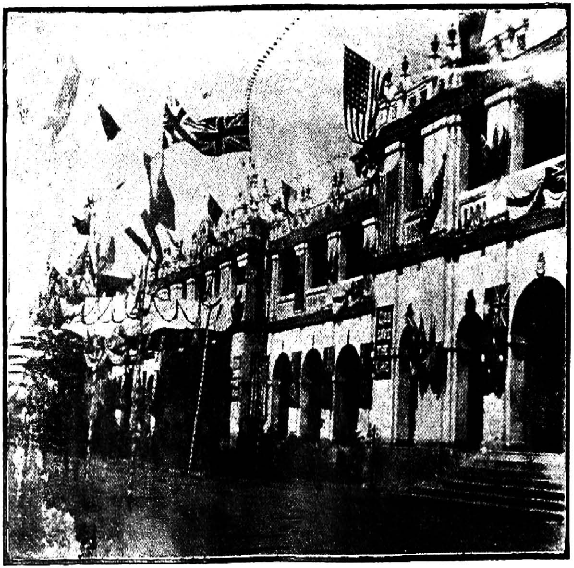
(1) The Christian College Magazine, Madras.
(2) The Presidency College Magazine, Madras.
(3) Wesley College Magazine, Madras.
(4) The Zamorin's College Magazine, Calicut.
(5) St. Thomas's College Magazine, Trichur.
(6) A Government College Magazine, Mangalore.

We offer our warmest congratulations to Messrs. R. Venkataraman, V. N. Ramaswamy, A. Muthuswami Sastri, S. V. Venkataramanan, K. N. Chinnaswamy, R. A. Varadarajan and M. G. Gopalakrishnan on their winning the Founder's Day medals, and Messrs. P. N. Vasudeva Rao and N. Achuta Nair on their winning the Senior English Elocution prize and Venugopal Chetty prize respectively.

We have just learnt with great pleasure that the past students of the University take as much interest in the Miscellany as the present and we shall certainly be very glad to have some contributions from them for the next number. The next number will appear early in next term and contributions meant for it should reach us before the 15th of December.

Our subscriptions for the Old Student of the University are Rs. 1–4–0 and for those not connected with the University Rs. 1–8–0, postage extra. Subscriptions are strictly payable in advance.

Intending subscribers should register their names with the Registrar.



(By V. Gopalaswami, II Class.)

A view of the University Buildings during His Excellency the Governor's visit.

Shakespeare in Colleges.

We all study Shakespeare—we at College, without exception. They may ask us to study Milton, Tennyson or Wordsworth, or they may not. But they make Shakespeare obligatory. Rightly do young men in the University call all poetry that is not Shakespeare's "Minor Poetry." Shakespeare is their "Major Poet". Is he not? This year we may have a bit of Browning or Byron. Next year, however, we may not have it. But Shakespeare we have every year. And if examinations at Colleges or in the University are your criteria, then too Shakespeare stands first! He scores the highest marks! He has distinctly one half of the marks allotted to Poetry, while all the other Poets put together have the other half.

But this is not the only or even the chief proof of Shakespeare's vogue. Students of course have to study him. But non-students do read him as a fact—of their own choice. Public Libraries catering to the intellectual needs of non-students have all the available editions of Shakespeare. To be unacquainted with him, is to disown all claims to education. We quote Shakespeare—we show ourselves so intimate with him—as we are educated men and women. We quote him to show off our education; we quote him to clinch a point; we quote him to appear fashionable. Squire Thornhill and the "town-ladies" did not fail to speak of Shakespeare. For it is as fashionable to mention him as to talk of "high life", "high-lived company", "the musical glasses", and "the opera."

Authors write about him. He is our hero in the poet's capacity. The great writer who makes him out a hero in the poet's capacity claims that "Shakespeare is the grandest thing we have yet done". We have our "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," our "Tales from Shakespeare," and our "Lectures on Shakespeare." We have a thousand volumes of interpretation and criticism bearing on him. We have books about his Fools, his Villains, his Mad men, his women.

And then, writing on other things,—things apparently not connected with Shakespeare—writers yet pause to write about him. Describing the merry man, Milton mentions his interest in Shakespeare's plays on the boards. Speaking of women's education, Ruskin has an impassioned passage on Shakespeare's heroines. Whoever writes that writes not of Shakespeare?

They say that he was not popular in the later seventeenth and in the eighteenth century. True. Dryden made an *improved* version of *Antony and Cleopatra* in his *All for Love.* And modest Garric decided that *King Lear* had been ill written and *corrected* it into a comedy. And the eighteenth century very piously started the myth that Shakespeare, to begin with, held horses at the door of a London—Theatre. But, even in this era, Shakespeare was edited and re-edited and discussed without end. Pope made an edition of Shakespeare's plays. So did his adversary and victim, Theobald. Shakespeare has compelled recognition simply at all people's hands and at all times.

And then we have Shakespeare—Research. We have Shakespeare—Clubs to ascertain and publish all

about Shakespeare. We have investigations made into Shakespeare's life; into the secret of his workmanship, the raw-material on which he wrought, and the tools with which he carried on his labours. We see inquiries instituted as to his friends and relations, his rivals and his enemies, and his dealings with "the pirates." Everything that may throw light on these issues is eagerly grabbed by our scholars.

And, lastly, we have Shakespeare Theories. Some have hazarded the observation that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare, but that Bacon was! What an idea! But the proposition has been actually laid down in all seriousness. Happily it has been refuted also. The authenticity of the great Elizabethan has now been established.

What have we to conclude from all this? Why has Shakespeare such a universal vogue?

The secret of Shakespeare's universal vogue is Shakespeare's universality. He knows everything, and has spoken about everything that is to be known and worth knowing on earth.

To him, "the proper subject of mankind is man." He has spoken of us, human beings, in all our moods, in all our situations, in all our relations. Meredith said "Willoughby is every one of us." Shakespeare could say it of many of the characters of his plays. Whom has Shakespeare not depicted?

He has portrayed every profession. We have doctors, lawyers, teachers, engineers and soldiers among his characters. He has depicted every relationship among human beings. Duchess Constance in *King John* is a

mother. Macduff is a father. Hamlet and Laertes are sons. Cordelia and Edgar, Edmund, Goneril and Regan are children; Desdemona, Imogen and Hermione are wives. Duke Frederic, Sebastian (of *The Tempest)* and Claudins are brothers, while Othello, Posthumus and Leontes are husbands.

"What an exhaustive gallery of portraits !" you exclaim. But you have by no means exhausted the gallery. There are still men and women for you to behold in vast varieties of situations in this artist's studio. Illegal ambition is pictured forth in Macbeth and Gloucester (Richard III). Ingratitude which has teeth sharper and more biting than those of the winter's wind victimises Timon. Love in various forms and degrees appears in Antony, Ferdinand, Orlando, Florizel, Orsino, Lysander, Demetrius, Touchstone and Benedic ; and it evokes response in various ways from Perdita, Rosalind, Beatrice, Cleopatra, Viola, Helena and Hermia. Coriolanus is insufferable in his haughtiness which makes him disdain compliments from those he holds base; Timon is frightful in his misanthropy which is but the direct offspring of his ill-considered philanthrophy in earlier days ; Lear is pitiable in his imbecility ; Brutus is nobly patriotic ; Macduff disinterestedly loyal ; and Antonio selflessly friendly. And then, here hangs the portrait of the miser; and there appears the picture of the prodigal; impetuosity by the side of vacillation ; a Hotspur by a Hamlet.

Why now should they not make Shakespeare obligatory at College ? What do we not have in Shakespeare—what belonging to Earth and humanity ? If Universities exist to make better men of us—more refined, more

informed and more truly happy than we are—, Shakespeare must be obligatory. If Literature is an idealised picture of real life, and if, by refining the emotions and informing the intellect, it makes the student a good man, a useful citizen, and a well-bred gentleman, Shakespeare, the very highest in Literature must be the first item in the college syllabus of studies.

In fact, in spite of its insistence on Shakespeare, the syllabus is flagrantly defective. For, it fails in the matter of placing emphasis on the proper and necessary aspect of Shakespearian studies. It insists on students bringing out grammatical peculiarities and peculiarities of diction in Shakespeare. Bassanio tells Antonio "I have a mind presages me such thrift", omitting the relative pronoun in the nominative which, according to our Grammar, must not be omitted. Touchstone presents Audrey to the senior Duke in Arden Forest, and says "an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own", using *favour* in the sense of features of the face—a sense hardly sanctioned by the modern Dictionary. But to the student who seeks general culture, the psychology of the habitually borrowing prodigal in his words to his patron-creditor is vastly more important than the omitted relative pronoun; the mental condition of Touchstone when he knows that he has loved and married a woman whom others may consider ugly and when he justifies the marriage on the ground that what is one's own is scarcely unhandsome in one's own eyes, his mental condition under this circumstance, I say, is obviously more important in *As you Like It*, than the etymology of *favour*. Grammar and Etymology are good things. They give the boy a capital exercise to

the mind. But that exercise must not be purchased at the cost of the delight and wisdom which Shakespeare affords to the cultured human mind. Would Universities free Shakespeare-studies from these encumbrances? Or, if it appears too radical a change to commend itself to the conservative mind of the academic legislator, would Universities at least prescribe one or two plays of Shakespeare's for non-detailed study while including one or two others in portions for detailed study? Would new Universities, just now springing into being, take this needful line of departure from the old way? They must do so, if they realise that they exist for the dissemination of culture first, and for the manufacture of scholars only after that.

For, what, we may again ask, do we not have in Shakespeare? England is a small island in the Atlantic, and Strafford on Avon, a tiny spot in that England; but the whole world in all its variety and vastness is made open to our gaze in this portrait-gallery of an artist who is incalculably greater than his Stafford and his England. Let us walk into the gallery; and, if we can, let us study these pictures with some intensity of scrutiny. Scholars have studied the artist stooping over his easel, brush in hand. But let us make sure of the finished products first, the pictures, before we go to learn about the painter and his brush and his colours and his canvass.

P. A. SUBRAHMANYAN.

A fine Ardhanārèswara sculpture in one of the grandly moulded niches.

What remains of a running two-storeyed Colonnade !

The Speech I (*never*) delivered at the Union.

To shine on the Union platform and be its hero is my greatest ambition. The reception is warm and cheers are vociferous for speakers of lower mettle than I. I have only to make my maiden speech to direct the attention of the entire Union towards me. I *will* move a resolution at the Union next week.

What shall the subject be ? It is the difficulty in the choice of the subject that has kept me all along from the assembly. There is nothing worth while speaking about. Even if I should pick out a subject, I apprehend that the Managing Committee will prohibit the discussion of that subject. Now you understand my difficulty—I am sure.

But I *must* speak. I can no longer brook my rightful share of the Union honours being carried away by fellows hardly half as good as I. I will coax the secretary to-morrow morning to allow me a chance of addressing the House. The subject shall be (very original and entertaining)—say "Man is better than Woman." It is a challenge, I daresay, to the miscalled "Moderns" who prate about Equality. But—No—I fear people will laugh at me. So I will choose another: "Idiocy is nobler than Intelligence." I am sure the fickle-minded Union will not support me; but it will not be the fault of my eloquence if I don't twist the audience round and round my finger.

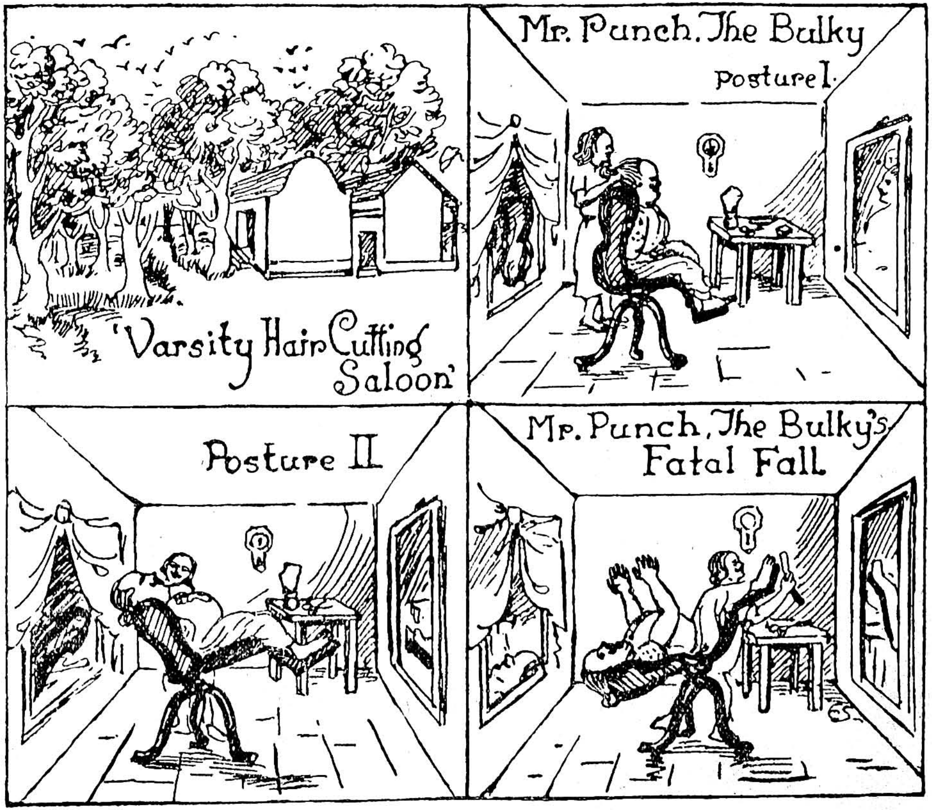
Well, why not prefer a serious subject so that my speech may educate and enlighten humanity ?—I have read a few lines of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's Poems—nay

can even repeat them in a way that will keep the audience spell—bound. I will therefore find a subject where those lines can be relevantly introduced. The lines are from "Indian Dancers; so I. have hit upon the subject! "This House prefers Indian Dance to European Dance." I can tackle this question with the greatest skill; for I have never visited a European Dance and hence I can denounce it outright without any protest from my conscience. At last the subject is settled; let me re-hearse my speech.

"Mr. Chairman Sir."—There! I don't like this convention of the House. It is jarring and is certainly unbecoming one of my erudition and experience to say that. I will gladly address the chair dropping the suffix; but I must submit myself to the mood of the audience or I will be "hooted" down. So let me continue. "Mr. Chairman Sir.

"It does not need the logic of Aristotle nor the eloquence of Demosthenes to prove this simple fact that Indian Dance is better than European Dance (cheers and applause.) For one thing, Sir, in India, women dance by themselves while in Europe, Men and Women dance together!" (Hear! Hear!! and prolonged cheers.) I stop and smile decorously at the members. I am the hero now! The time is just ripe to unburden myself of a line from "Indian Dancers" which I have committed to memory. The smile still lingering on my lips I repeat, 'The exquisite, subtle and slow are the tinkle and tread of their rythmical slumber-soft feet.'

Lo! What an uproar! Let me slip down the platform. The entire House is excited with admiration and



Mr. PUNCH THE BULKY'S SHAVING EXCURSION.

my brilliant oration still rings in their ears. The Union echoes with my praise.

* * * * *

I reeled with Joy and was soon swallowed up in sweet slumber.

* * * * *

Thanks to the fresh breeze of the dawn, it cooled my heated fancy. It wafted gently back to my mind the sorry figure I cut recently in the Economics Society. I became wise! Being in the fifth *Hons.* class I can't afford to fool about like that—I take refuge under this plea for not delivering my speech and console myself with this proverb: Fools rush, where Angels fear to tread !

R. VENKATARAMAN,

V. H.

Study of Philosophy in Indian Universities.

Not long ago no subject commanded greater popularity than Philosophy in the Universities of India. Its place has now been taken by the Positive Sciences; and it seems that the day is not far distant when Philosophy professors will be addressing empty benches on God, Soul and kindred abstractions.

If it is a fact that our ascetic outlook born of centuries of exclusive occupation with Philosophy was primarily responsible for our conquest by nations who have not allowed their interests in the affairs of this world to be prejudiced by matters relating to the world beyond, then it must be admitted that by diverting our attention from Philosophy to studies that move in less abstract spheres and have a closer bearing upon our practical life, we have taken a step in the right direction.

At the same time nothing is more erroneous than the popular belief that Philosophy has outlived its usefulness. Philosophy, as Hegel says, is 'the thinking view of things' (die denkende Betrachtung der Dinge), *i. e.*, viewing things in their relations to the whole, and as such it is co-extensive with our rational life. Unlike the lower animals man does not take things as they come, but seeks for their Why, Whence and Whither; and accordingly he views them not as isolated entities, but as parts or features of a larger reality. Every man who has risen above the perceptual level is thus a philosopher, more or less. Philosophy is an ideal that is sought to be realized by both Commonsense and Science. And though Science makes a nearer approach to it than Common-

sense, it is not fully realized until and unless we reach the ultimate reality in terms of which the relative realities of Commonsense and Science can be expressed. The quest of the ultimate may appear to be futile and unending ; nevertheless we cannot give it up without lowering the ideal of our rational life. If it is not possible for us to know the ultimate it is worth our while to know why we do not know.

Furthermore, Philosophy has certain special merits not belonging to other studies in an equal degree. " By its generality," says Bertrand Russell, "it enables us to see human passions in their just proportions, and to realize the absurdity of many quarrels between individuals, classes and nations. Philosophy comes as near as possible for human beings to that larger, impartial contemplation of the universe as a whole which raises us for the moment above our purely personal destiny." No country is, therefore, in greater need of a philosophical outlook than India where the battle between castes, communities and races is waxing furious day by day.

The present unpopularity of Philosophy in our Universities is due not only to our realization of the growing importance of the Positive Sciences, but also to our failure to produce a single original thinker in the field of Philosophy under their auspices. The latter fact, again, is due to the imposition of European Philosophy,—for Philosophy is not only an individual, but also a social or national phenomenon—upon a people that has been politically, but not culturally conquered by Europe. We have been swinging between two poles without being able

to assimilate European points of view or to keep to our own. In the circumstances it is no wonder that our Universities have not been able to produce a Kant or a Hegel, a Sankara or a Ramanuja. The way out of this jigsaw puzzle lies not in discontinuing the study of European Philosophy, for that would be taking a most reactionary step, but in subordinating it to the study of Indian Systems. "That an Indian student", says Lord Ronaldshay, "should pass through a course of Philosophy at an Indian University without even hearing mention of, shall I say, Sankara, the thinker who, perhaps, has carried Idealism further than any other thinker of any age or country, or the subtleties of the Nyaya system which has been handed down through immemorial ages, and is to-day the pride and glory of the *tols* of Navadvipa, does, indeed, appear to me to be a profound anomaly". Vincent Smith, who holds the same opinion, makes more definite and constructive suggestions regarding the reform of philosophical studies in the Universities of India. "The Indian Universities", says he, "suffer from the want of root. They are mere cuttings struck down in an uncongenial soil and kept alive with difficulty by the constant watering of a paternal Government. . . . . When an Indian student is bidden to study Philosophy, he should not be forced to try and accommodate his mind to the unfamiliar forms of European speculation, but should be encouraged to work on the lines laid down by the thinkers of his own country, who may justly claim equality with Plato, Aristotle and Kant. The lectures and examinations in Philosophy for the students of an Indian University

should be primarily on Indian Ethics and Metaphysics, the European systems being taught only for the sake of contrast and illustration. So far as I know, the courses prescribed by the Indian Universities are not on these lines. . . . . It is useless to ask an Indian University to reform itself, because it does not possess the power. Some day, perhaps, the man in power will arise who is not hidebound by the University traditions of his youth, who will perceive that an Indian University deserving of the name must devote itself to the development of Indian thought and learning, and who will care enough for true higher education to establish a real University in India".

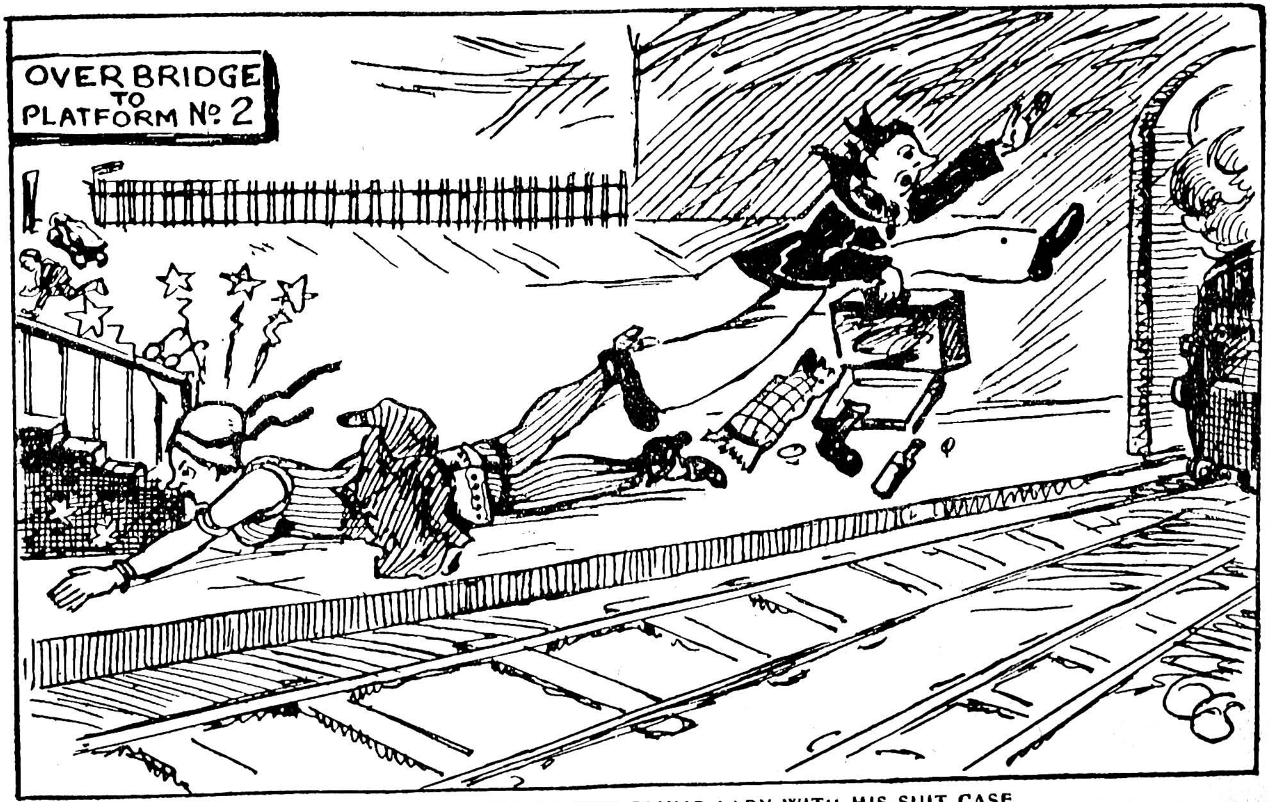
Fortunately for this infant University founded on the classical soil of the Tamilnad, the man at the helm of affairs is a stalwart champion of the ideas and sentiments expressed by Vincent Smith. We are looking forward to the day when, under his guidance, we shall be able to release the arrested current of India's philosophical thought. But before we can do so, we shall have to devote ourselves to the work of preparing the ground for its smooth flowing.

In the first place, we shall have to study the standard Sanskrit, Prakrit and Pali works on the different systems in the original, according to the historico-philological methods of European Orientalists. Considerable amount of work has been and is being done by them in the field of Indian Philosophy. We may not always accept their conclusions, but the way they interpret a text or discuss a problem by placing it in its historical setting is something which we are yet to learn. At the same time our old

Pandita method should not be looked down upon as useless. It enables us to acquire a thorough command of the language and thereby to read the *tikas* with greater facility. It is, of course, not possible for one man to acquire equal proficiency in all the systems from the original sources. There should be organized action based upon the principle of division of labour.

Secondly, we shall have to translate our standard philosophical works into English. Many have been translated already by both Indian and European scholars. But much more still remains to be done in this direction. It is a matter of great regret that Dr. Ganganath Jha's "Indian Thought," a Quarterly devoted to the publication of translations of standard Sanskrit works is now defunct. We are in urgent need of such a journal, for translation forms an important part of our research studies in Indian Philosophy.

Thirdly, we shall have to compile dictionaries of technical terms used in the different systems. The terms of Philosophy are less fixed in their meanings than the terms of Science. We often find the same term being used in different meanings not only by different philosophers, but also by the same philosopher in different sections of his work, *e.g.*, Idea (Plato, Berkeley and Hegel), Anschauung (Kant), Upamana (Gautama and Vatsyayana), Dharma, etc. In German they have not only general dictionaries of Philosophy, but also special dictionaries for individual philosophers, *e. g.*, Kantian Dictionary, Hegelian Dictionary, Schopenhauer Dictionary etc. We want similar dictionaries of the different systems of Indian Philosophy. The lead has already been given



GALLANTLY TRIPPING UP THE PLUMP LADY WITH HIS SUIT CASE.

in this direction by Bhimacarya Jhalkikar of Bombay. His "Nyaya-kosa" is a monumental work.

Fourthly, we shall have to collect manuscripts and bring out critically edited texts. A knowledge of the Jaina and Bauddha Philosophy is essential to a thorough understanding of works on the Six Systems, since they are full of controversies with the Jaina and Bauddha philosophers. But unfortunately very little interest is taken in the Jaina and Bauddha Philosophy, in South India, though it was once an important centre of Jainism and Buddhism. I am sure that many valuable MSS. on the Jaina and Bauddha Philosophy are lying uncared for along with many more equally valuable MSS. on the Six Systems in some temple or temples of South India. We shall have to rescue them from the ravages of mildew and moth, and arrange for their publication.

We want a band of keen and earnest students to assist us in carrying out the programme we have outlined for research in Indian Philosophy. We are waiting for them with open arms. When will they come?

DR. SAILESWAR SEN.

New Lamps for Old.

The Magazine-Muse is a coquette. She flirts with all but me. The whole of yesterday, I spent in coaxing and cajoling her. But she never even looked at me! I thought and thought till late at night. It was all futile. My only hope was to dream—dream something that might come as a revelation to me in my uninspired mood. I have the fullest faith in dreams. In this the dreamy world of ours, it is very often our dreams that prove real and true To me, dreams have often revealed facts that lie too deep for thoughts. They have solved, in lightning flashes, the greatest mysteries of Life and Death. It was so with Bunyan ; it was so with Dante.

What a dream ! To me, it is as real now, as it was last night : inexplicable visitations, and startling fights and parleys! Chesterton dropped from my book-shelf! Imagine Chesterton dropping, and dropping from a shelf ! You could as well imagine an elephant coming out of an anthole, or Falstaff escaping through the barred-windows of the Fleet. Believe me, I saw Chesterton dropping from my shelf. The whole hostel quaked and quivered. Next came Belloc.

Chesterton's Muse never deserts him. Belloc is at once his Muse and his shadow. I don't know how Belloc actually looks. He appeared in my dream just the man that Punch represents him to be : stupid and pugnacious as a Hippopotamus, and scarcely less humorous. Then came Bernard Shaw, stiff as a telegraph post, with his long face and longer beard, and waving his inseparable walking-stick with an angry ease. Behind him came, one

by one, all the host of modern authors ; poets and dry-as-dust historians, dramatists and theorists, essayists and critics, statesmen and scholars. They came: Kipling, Conrad, Barrie, Bennet, Beerbohm, Lucas, Wells, Wodehouse and all. They all arranged themselves in a line, with Chesterton in the fore-front. They had often quarrelled among themselves; they had 'objected', and 'still objected', and never 'agreed'. But now, rebelling against the Classics, they had assembled there to meet their common foes in fiery combats, under the lead of the most talkative, vituperous and 'hydra-headed' among them—the immortal G.K.C.

They had not to wait long. For I could already hear the sound of heavy foot-steps from outside the window, and one by one came the allied army of the enemies, with Sam Johnson at the helm. There was Shakspeare. There was Sheridan. There was Burke, and Ben Johnson. Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Swift, Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, all were there. I could clearly see them shaking in their shoes ; for something told them definitely that their stars were about to set.

The battle began. Chesterton assaulted Johnson. The Doctor thundered forth his long, rolling, rumbling sentences. Chesterton was not to be daunted in this way. He bombarded the bombast of Johnson with his booming cannon-balls of never-ending paradoxes. 'Rough-and-ready' Johnson had never found himself less rough or ready. But he managed to stamp his foot and shoot out his plumpy fist. Chesterton, however, caught him by the nose and flung him through the window.

Belloc's war-cry resounded ;
". . . . . . The ineffectual don
That dared attack my Chesterton"

he cried. He performed wonderful feats. He drew forth from out his jingling pockets startling facts of history, and completely bowled over incompetent Froude and his fellow-historians. He sent out Burke with a bleeding nose, and bruised arms, because the philosopher-politician still asserted that the French Revolution was an iniquitous outburst of barbarous elements. He challenged Carlyle; but Carlyle remembered his Gospel of Silence, and in contempt turned away, muttering "Midas-eared Mammonism and double-barrelled dilettantism!" and leaving popularity to braying fools. Indeed, the feats of Belloc were second only to those of Chesterton.

Shaw, with his Mephistophelian air and magic wand felled Sheridan. Ben Johnson, the bricklayer that he was, knew his shallow foundations, and wisely kept at cane's distance. Shaw mocked at Shakspeare's short beard, and in his Irish accent cried, "you fetish fool ! you have lived long enough. Bow to your master, and bolt away." Without further parley, lifting his formidable sceptre, one—two—three, he hit Shakspeare thrice. But Shakspeare neither winced nor growled : he smiled in supreme suavity. Shaw could hit no more. Here was his superior whom his impetuous haughtiness could not conquer, and hand-in-hand they walked into the shelf, leaving the others to fight.

Kipling had very easy victories. His imperial militarism helped him. He began singing in loud bass,

his martial marches : "Boots, Boots, and Boots." Tennyson and Swinburne felt the jargon grate on their souls; and palsied they stood.

Browning and Cummings stood equally matched. Obscurity gave them the same advantages, and long they fought, till at last, the insane modern won. Wodehouse had an easy victory over Dickens. Barrie knocked down Thackeray. Conrad scored classic victories over his once master-novelists. Samuel Butler, the descendant of Butlers and Bishops, born at the wrong time, a modern in spirit, grappled with all and conquered them, one by one, —Thomas Moore, Swift, and a score of other utopians. Jules Verne lost himself in the Secret Island—intentionally perhaps—unable to withstand the Wellsian verisimilitude and scientific subtleties. Lamb and Lucas shook hands before they fought—such was their humour. They both won, and again shook hands.

Chesterton was everywhere. He always came to the rescue. Wherever he was, there was victory. The battle could not last long. The classics had a hard time of it. And at last, confused and routed, they left the field and the shelf for the victorious moderns.

But one there was, who had contrived to escape the searching eyes of Chesterton. Bacon had ensconced himself in a corner of the shelf. Unobserved, avoiding all direct attacks, he had slipped himself into the shelf in the confusion of the melee. But nothing could escape the modern eyes. Chesterton fixed the trembling Bacon in his seat. Bacon was out-Baconed. He felt himself seized by the Falstaffian modern, and hurled with the

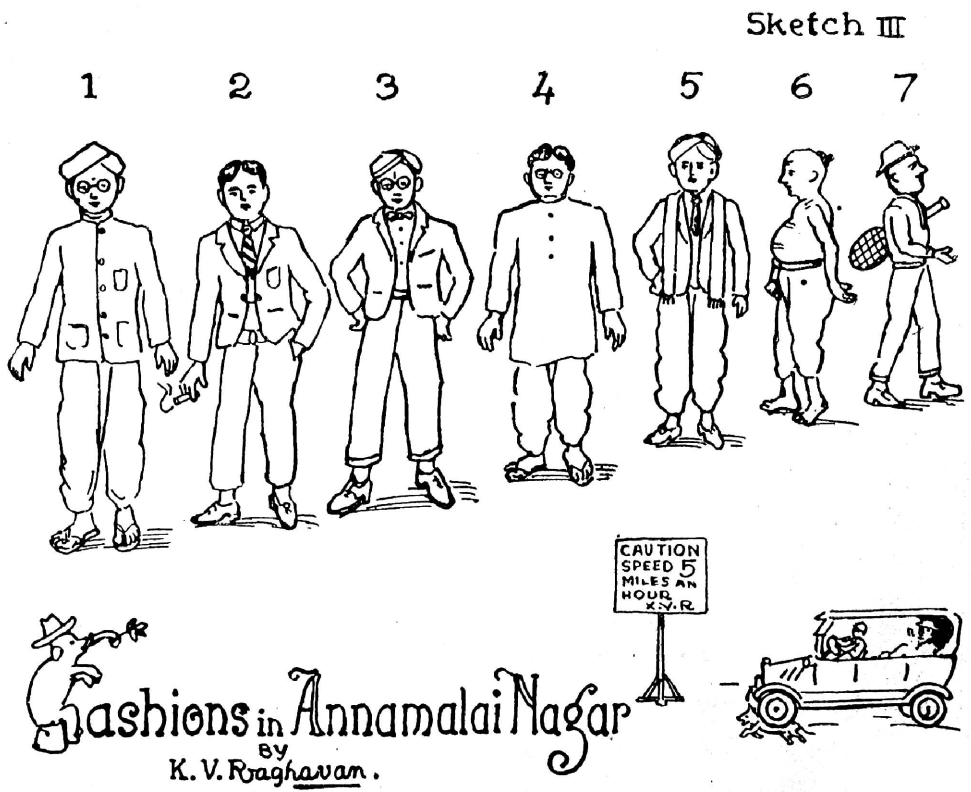
velocity of light. He found himself whirling at terrific speed through space. Then he fell, and worlds shook with his fall.

. . . .

I woke up and rubbed my eyes.

S. V. VENKATARAMANAN.

IV CLASS.


Sketch III
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CAUTION SPEED 5 MILES AN HOUR X.Y.R
Fashions in Annamalai Nagar
BY
K. V. Raghavan.

Einstein's Special theory of relativity.

1. INTRODUCTION.

Einstein's theory of relativity has revolutionised physical as well as philosophical thought. Einstein examines the fundamental concepts of science in a critical and searching manner, and in the light of observations which are most familiar, and common place. He purges them of all the prejudices, which for centuries remained undetected in them. With the resulting simple and purified concepts, he proceeds step by step, and arrives at a clear and bold theory. It explains natural phenomena in the simplest manner possible, without introducing any arbitrary and unjustifiable hypotheses. It accounts for the discrepancies in some of the delicate and refined experiments, which for long remained unexplained by the conservative physicists.

It is important in another way also. It has led physics to summits till now 'visible only to philosophers and that through a sort of metaphysical haziness.' It has served to bring together scientists and philosophers and make them more and more dependent on each other. This mathematical theory answers all the questions concerning the nature and extent of the universe, which for centuries remained objects of grave speculation amongst philosophers.

The theory of relativity consists of two parts, the special theory propounded by Einstein in 1905 at the age of twenty-seven, and the general theory worked out and published after ten years of hard labour in 1915. Since the theory is essentially mathematical, it is foolish to

pretend to describe it in full without the help of mathematics. But after all, what is mathematics ? As Nordmann puts it, it is a kind of language, a shorthand of thought and reasoning—"Mathematical reasoning is like certain machines in Chicago, into which one puts living animals, that emerge at the other end in the shape of appetising prepared meat." By means of a marvellous machinery the mathematician extracts the essence of out of given crude facts. Every language can be translated, though imperfectly, and hence mathematics too. It is possible to give a fairly satisfactory idea of the theory in ordinary language, and that is what I propose to do here.

2. DIMENSIONS.

The fundamental concepts of science are space and time. Every description of an event involves its position in space and in time. Suppose an American wants to inform us of a murder which took place in his city. He will begin thus : "Our city like so many other American cities are rectangular. Starting from the Railway Station go 18 blocks east. In the 18th block go to the 10th house. In the 10th house climb up to the 8th storey. The murder was committed there". But ever so many murders might have been committed in that same place. So in order to distinguish this one from the rest we have to be given the time at which it took place. Hence to fix the position of an event in space, three numbers or co-ordinates as they are called, are necessary. This is expressed by saying that space is three dimensional. Every description of an event involves its position in space which is given by three co-ordinatesand the position in the time order, given by the

fourth co-ordinate, time, or, in other words, the world of events is four dimensional.

3. RELATIVITY OF SPACE AND MOTION.

According to Newton "absolute space by virtue of its own nature and without any reference to any external object remains the same and is immovable". We cannot think of space without reference to any external object. Space is relative. Suppose I tell my students that I will deliver the next lecture to-morrow in this same place in space. Can I do it? No,—I can in this same lecture hall, but not in this same place in space. For by to-morrow the earth and hence we too will have moved a distance of about 1,500,000 miles with reference to the Sun. The sun together with the solar system will have moved an enormous distance towards the star Vega and so on. We don't know where we are in space, but we can still be in our lecture hall. In fact the question as to where we are in space is meaningless. We know of space only with reference to objects in it.

Let us see whether we can speak of absolute motion. Suppose a stone is dropped from a uniformly moving train. Neglecting the wind and the resistance of the air, its path is a straight line relative to the passenger who drops it. To a pedestrian walking along the line, the path will be a parabola. To an observer at the Sun the path will be a curve in space some miles long. What is its real path? What is its real motion? We can only say that the one is as much real as the other. Motion is relative. Its path is a straight line with respect to one, curved with respect to another and so on. There is no absolute motion. To

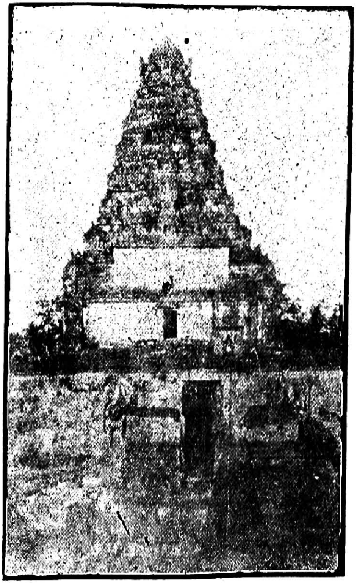
describe motion there must be a body with reference to which it can be described.

4. MICHELSON AND MORLEY EXPERIMENT.

The earlier 19th century physicists were troubled by the strange idea that nothing is absolutely fixed. They wanted 'a refuge from this universal relativity'. Hence they put forward the ether theory. Ether pervades all space. It penetrates even matter. It is the medium through which electromagnetic waves (of which light is composed) are propagated. It offers no resistance to bodies moving in it, so that there is no ether drift. They said that motion with reference to this can be considered to be absolute. Now let us see whether we can detect uniform motion with reference to this unique system of reference to ether. The famous Michelson and Morley experiment of 1887 shows that it is impossible to detect uniform motion with respect to ether.

The experiment can be best described in the words of Prof. Eddington. "Suppose a swimmer's speed is 50 yards a minute in still water and the current 30 yards a minute. Will it take longer to swim to a point 100 yards up stream and back, or to a point 100 yards across stream and back? By an easy calculation it can be shown that the up and down swim is longer in the ratio 25 : 20." In Michelson's experiment the swimmer was a wave of light swimming through the ether and the ether was flowing through the laboratory relatively to the earth. Two light rays were sent simultaneously along two equal paths, one in the direction of the flow of the ether, the other at right angles to it. The rays were reflected back by

Back view of the temple, showing its wild setting and a rampart in ruins.



Front view of the Temple.

mirrors at the other ends of the paths. The apparatus was delicate enough to measure even a hundredth of the expected difference in the times of their return. To the surprise of scientists it was found that the rays returned at the same time. Experiments made in later years on similar lines confirmed the above dead-heat.

5. FITZ-GERALD'S CONTRACTION HYPOTHESIS; ITS DEFECTS

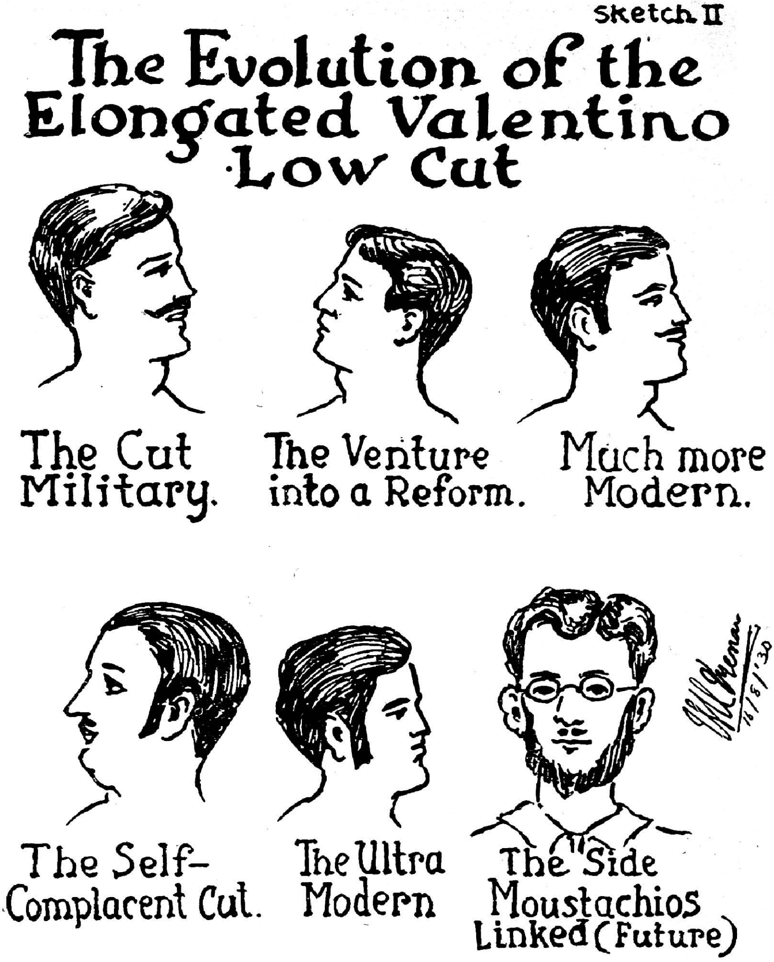
This was for a long time the Gordian knot of Science. But the scientist knows how to cut it. The Irish mathematician Fitz-gerald offered his contraction hypothesis. He said that the measuring stick and in fact all material bodies when placed in the direction of the motion of ether contract by an amount just enough to compensate for the calculated difference in the times of return of the two rays. Fitz-gerald's hypothesis has the following defects. First, to explain a phenomenon he brings in a hypothesis. The larger the number of hypotheses, the less the strength of the theory. Again, why should he speak of a contraction, the exact amount of which he could not give. He says that the contraction is just so much as to cover the difference in the times of return whatever its magnitude may be. Certainly Nature cannot be playing 'hide and seek' with us.

Thirdly if there is an actual contraction in a particular direction (in the direction of the motion of ether) it will give rise to optical heterogeneity; but experiments conducted by Lord Raleigh show conclusively that there is no such phenomena. Lastly, it is beyond the limits of probability that all bodies, of whatever

material they may be, contract to the same extent. It is just like the Ptolemaic theory which assumed that all heavenly bodies revolved round our fixed earth with the same angular velocity.

(To be continued).

B. RAMAMURTI.


Sketch II
The Evolution of the Elongated Valentino Low Cut
The Cut Military.
The Venture into a Reform.
Much more Modern.
The Self-Complacent Cut.
The Ultra Modern
The "Side Moustachios Linked (Future)

The Glory that is past of Gangaikondasolapuram.

Gangaikondasolapuram is a small village in the Udayarpalayam Taluk of the Trichinopoly District. It is about twenty miles as the crow flies to the south-west of Chidambaram and an hour's run by a motor car from Aduthurai, a station on the South Indian Railway. The first object you catch sight of as you approach it, is the stately tower of a temple tapering into the sky, occupying the centre of the landscape, imposing by its mere size, amidst scattered clumps of trees. As you go nearer, the vastness of the structure impresses you more and more by the striking contrast it affords to the puny dwellings of the poor village folk which moulder under its very shadow. The population is scanty[1] and apparently not prosperous. A melancholy desolation broods over the whole aspect.

This obscure village with a long and sounding name is historically and archaeologically, one of the most interesting places in South India. I wonder, how many of us are aware of the fact that here once flourished the magnificent capital of the mighty Cholas ! Urayur, Kanchi, Kaveripumpattinam, Kumbakonam and Tanjore had each been at one time or another, the capital of the Chola Kingdom, from Karikala to Rajaraja the great, to suit the demands of an ever-expanding empire. The opening of the 11th century witnesses an unprecedented expansion of Chola domination beyond the bounds of the territories of the traditional "three crowned heads" of South India. Rajendracholadeva, no less great than

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1. According to the *Impl. Gazet*. Vol. XII the population was only 2,702 in 1901. To-day there is every reason to believe that it is considerably less.

his illustrious father, Rajaraja I, was " a man of powerful imagination ",[1] ambitious of martial fame ; " and as long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters."[2] The Tiruvalangadu plates say : " The light of the Solar race, laughing at Bhagiratha who had brought down the Ganga by the power of his austerities, wished to sanctify his own country with the waters of the Ganga, carried thither through the strength of his arm. Accordingly he ordered the commander of his army to subdue the enemy kings occupying the banks of that river. The *dandanayaka* then immediately got the most sacred waters of that river carried to his master, Madurantaka, by the subjugated kings."[3] In memory of this exploit he assumed the title of Gangaikonda and rechristened his new capital Mudikondasolapuram as Gangaikondasolapuram. It is not, however, as Mr. Lewis Rice believed, that Rajendrachola's assumption of the title of Gangaikonda marked, not the victorious march of his armies to the Ganges, but his conquest of the Ganga territory and the capture of its capital, Talakad in 1004-A. D[4].

Gangaikondasolapuram must certainly have been a vast city, judging from " the remains of ancient buildings now much resembling the mounds or " heaps " which indicate the site of Babylon, but in which the village elders point out the various parts of an extensive and

1. Venkayya in Arch Rep. 1911-12.
2. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall. ed* by J.B. Bury. Vol. I, p. 6.
3. S. I. I. Vol. II, part I, No. 20.
4. See Lewis Rice's " *Mysore and Coorg* ".

magnificent palace "[1]. The tell-tale names of all the villages within a radius of five miles around Gangaikondasolapuram are indicative of the various important quarters which must have formed the town. Maligaitidal marks the site of the Royal Palace of the Imperial Cholas. There was a fine durbar hall called "*Rajendracholan*"[2] in the palace of Mukudikondasolapuram from which some of the Chola grants were issued. Midway between the palace and the Siva temple stood the buildings of the *College*,[3] nestling under a beautiful grove. The hamlet known as Ayudakalavan embalms in its name the warlike memory of a well-equipped arsenal. The inscription 454 of 1912 perpetuates the name of a thoroughfare, *Dharanichintamani–peruntheruvu* ; there must have been certainly many more of its kind humming with a busy and prosperous population. To the west of the city was situated the lake, " constructed (by Rajendra) as a pillar of victory, known by repute as Cholagangam,'[4] protected by a substantial embankment, sixteen miles in length, designed for the storage and distribution of water.[5] A supply channel, sixty miles long, fed this great reservoir with water from the *Coleroon*. About this irrigation work the Pharoah Gazetteer remarks that " The few inhabitants still (1855) point with pride to the ancient bund, *Ponnerikarai*, as a monument of the grand and gigantic enterprise of their ancient sovereigns and compare

1. *Pharoah's Gazetteer*.
2. Inscriptions 93 and 51 of 1910.
3. S. I. I. Vol. II, Part II. No. 21.
4. S. I. I. Vol II, Part II. No. 21.
5. *Ind. Antiq.* Vol. IX.

it contemptuously with the undertakings of their present rulers ".

This great city continued as the capital of the Cholas for a century and more, after which it sank into an inglorious and unchronicled oblivion. If Bilhana's *Vikramankacharita* can be believed, Vikramaditya conducted a victorious expedition to the south and occupied both Kanchi and Gangaikondasolapuram.[1] Somewhere between 1216 and 1237 A.D. "the Pandya King Maravarman *alias* Tribhuvanachakravartin Sundara-Pandyadeva "took the Chola country, and was pleased to perform the anointment of his heroes at Mudikondasolapuram "[2]. To the disgrace of foreign occupation was added the weakness of civil dissensions. According to a Chola inscription in the Ranganathaswami Temple at Srirangam, in 1252 A. D., Rajendra III was holding court at Gangaikondasolapuram, while Raja Raja III was ruling at Tanjore.[3] The fate of this declining city was, perhaps, sealed by a devastating battle, the vague memories of which are enshrined to-day in the name of a hamlet called Yuddapallam, and this fact is confirmed by the discovery of "ashes and bricks and concrete with burnt iron nails embedded in the mass, showing that the buildings they once formed might have been destroyed by fire. The destruction of the city and the tank was probably the act of an invading army "[4].

1. Dr. S. K. Ayyangar's "*Ancient India*" p. 122.
2. *Ep. Ind.* Vol. VII, p. 176.
3. *Ep. Rep.* 1900, p. 30.
4. *Impl. Gazet.*

The capital city has disappeared but the noble temple stands to-day in solitary grandeur, the silent witness of the sad devastation that the cruel hand of Time has been working around it, evoking the admiration of all unbiassed lovers of Indian Art and Architecture. Col. B. R. Branfell, visiting this monument in the eighties of the XIX century observed. " It is the finest and grandest temple I have seen, but is simple in design and chaste in ornament." Though the following remark of E. B. Havell that " no books or illustrations can give the haunting mystery of the Gothic Cathedrals, or the subtle influence of the interior of St. Mark's at Venice,—that can only be realised by seeing them with a mind and disposition for appreciation", holds good equally in the case of this Great Temple, I shall, still, attempt to give a brief account of it, reserving for a future occasion a complete description of the style of its architecture and its fine sculptures.

The entire structure consists of a rectangular enclosure, once surrounded by a battlemented wall without, and a simple two-storeyed colonnade within, of which only a very small part is left intact, the rest being dismantled "by the modern utilitarians in search of building material" (V. A. Smith) for the construction of the Lower Anicut in 1836, which Dr. S. K. Ayyangar rightly describes as an act of "civilized vandalism". The grand *Vimana* rises from the centre of this enclosure in nine storeys to a height of 170 ft. and terminates in an umbrella-like dome crowned with a huge copper *Kalasa*, which has, of late, been blown down by a strong wind. The whole *Vimana* from the basement to the dome, is

built of hard, finely chiselled stone. Unlike "the gigantic South Indian Temples, with vast quadrangular enclosures and lofty gopurams overtopping the central shrine"[1], "generally lacking in unity of design,"[2] here, the design culminates in the tower over the *sanctum sanctorum*, thus giving it a lofty character all its own. The architectural and symbolic superiority of this type is happily expressed by Mr. W. H. Downes in the following words: "The function of the architect may be aptly symbolized by a fine tower or spire. At the base, all unseen, but essential, is the solid foundation, its indestructible stones typifying the scientific, technical, engineering part of the work. Rising proudly upon this foundation, the great edifice towers aloft, the apex seemingly piercing the clouds, a fit symbol of the aspiration of its maker and the ever-recurring instinct to establish monuments and landmarks. As a memorial it appeals to the imagination and lifts the mind above the earth by its associations with heroism, piety, or achievement."[3] One of the most remarkable features of this temple is that it is a wonderful gallery of beautiful sculptures which "show South Indian sculpture at its finest,"[4] some examples of which are reproduced here. I hope to give a detailed and fully illustrated account of these excellent sculptures some day.

S. K. GOVINDASWAMI.

1. Smith's "*A History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon*".
2. Gangoly's "*Indian Architecture*".
3. "*Art and Archaeology*" Vol. XXVIII,
4. "*Indian Sculpture and Painting*", E. B. Havell.

The Pro-Chancellor, The Chancellor and The Vice-Chancellor.

The Historical Importance of 'Tholkappiam'.

If history means the account of the gradual evolution of the social, religious and cultural life of a people, there are ample materials for the re-construction of the early history of the Tamils in Tholkappiam, which is the oldest and the most comprehensive work in Tamil literature.

In the introductory stanza to Tholkappiam we are told that the author drew his inspiration from the great works of the past, and from a close study of the Tamil tongue both literary and colloquial as it prevailed in the Tamil land, bounded on the north by Venkadam and Kumari on the south.

Tholkappiam is divided into three main divisions:— (i) Orthography, (ii) Etymology and Syntax combined (iii) the Science of literature and prosody. It is in the last division that we find the conventions of Tamil literature which reflects the customs and the manners of the people. To appreciate the real merit of Tholkappiam or to draw any historical inferences from it, one must go through the text without depending upon its commentaries. Almost all the commentators seem to be influenced by the latest Sanskrit literature and they show no special aptitude for historical research, for they lived some 1500 years after the author himself. So the commentaries are not to be un-critically relied on in our studies, for, they give us nothing more than a picture of their own times.

From Tholkappiam we get a first hand knowledge of the society of the Tamils as it existed in the earliest times.

The pictures of the social life of the Tamils that Thol-kappiam furnishes are faithful, fresh and therefore they have a greater value and importance than the pictures of the Aryan society which Dutt gives us, for, they are for the most part his own inferences from some passages in Sanskrit literature.

Anthropogeography holds that what are called social characteristics are the result of the action of the environment in which a people grow. It is remarkable the Tamils had this idea from the earliest time. They noted that the surface of the earth could be divided into five natural regions, which they called 'Palai', the dry waterless region, 'Kurinji', the hilly country, 'mullai,' the woods and pastures between the high lands and low lands, 'Marudham,' the lower river valley and 'Neydal', the littoral region. A different kind of culture was evolved in each of these regions.

The men of these regions were respectively called *Maravar*, *Kuravar*, *Ayar*, *Ulavar*, and *Paradavar*. Besides this there was another classification of the people of each region into *Anthanar*, the pious, *Arasar*, the rulers, *Vallal*, the petty-chiefs or the nobles, *Vellalar*, the owners of fields and *Vanigar*, the traders, all of whom were called *Melar* or *Uyarndor*, the higher classes. The working classes and personal servants were known as *Vinai valar*, and *Adiyor*. This classification of Tholkappiam can never be identified with the four Varnas, or the socio-religious division of the people, which arose in Vedic times. Even the assumption that the deities worshipped by the Tamils were borrowed from the Aryans has been disproved by recent research.

It is interesting to note that even in the remote age of Tholkappiam, the Tamils had a clear knowledge of the fundamental principles of phonetics. From a careful study of the rules, Mr. P. V. Manikka Naicker, has shown that the ancient Tamils were familiar with the chemistry of spoken sounds. The Tamil alphabet represents every variety of sound.

R. C. Dutt says in his ancient civilization of India that Panini's Sanskrit grammar is the best grammar available. But what would have been his ecstacy had be only a glimpse of Tholkappiar's meritorious work.

Nothing is farther from the truth than to suppose that the names of Tamil deities were derived from Sanskrit Literature, and the fact that the same gods were worshipped throughout India even before the advent of the Aryans can hardly be disputed.

The philosophy of the Tamils is not dealt with separately in Tholkappiam. The grammar of the Tamil tongue, however, shows that the Tamils must have developed a system of Philosophy of their own. That system of Philosophy, embraces all the different schools of Indian Philosophy.

The remarkable achievements of the Tamils in the field of Philosophy and their high level of culture cannot fail to evoke our greatest admiration.

P. K. ARUNACHALAM.

Some Philosophic Digressions.—II.

Who am 'I'?

The 'I' cannot be defined or described. The Upanishads by pure reasoning take us step by step and leave us at a stage where we have to draw our own conclusions. They say that the 'I' is to be described as '*Sat-Chit-Anandam*' or Existence-Knowledge-Bliss. *Sat* is pure or true existence. *Chit* is consciousness or knowledge. *Anandam* is bliss. Now let us follow closely the arguements, noted below.

(1) Who am I? I am I. I think, I do, I speak and so on—all these having the 'I' only as their basis. What is this 'I'? I am wakeful. There is the world appearing as presentations in my consciousness. What is this world? It is a series of mental states and sensations, each appearing at a time, as an external object when I attend to it. If I cease to think or attend to it, it ceases to exist. Something else comes in.

(2) Who is it that does the work in my dreams? There too, I have a mimicry of this wakeful world. I think for the moment, that it is real. I dream and have these mental states. Where is the wakeful world? It has gone.

(3) Then in my deep sleep there is no dream at all. This remembrance of a no-dream implies that I have an actual experience of a no-dream state. That is why I am able to say, when I wake up from a deep sleep, that I knew nothing then, but feel now perfectly happy and refreshed.

Therefore this 'I' persists in and through all these three states as a thing apart from the states themselves. All these have no binding on 'Me'. But without this 'I' no state is possible. This eternally persisting 'I' is constant but the mental states vary. Hence the 'I' is of the nature of Pure Consciousness only. The 'I' then, is neither the body, nor the mind nor even the intelligence, which are all present in two of my states only, and are absent in deep sleep. Hence I say, I knew nothing then. The 'I' is not even this ego or the sense of false I–ness which again is absent in deep sleep. That is why a man in deep sleep does not boast of his having enviable peace and rest. Therefore the 'I' is *the* Eternal Subject.

This 'I' has no time and space which vary in dreams, but are lost sight of in deep sleep. These mental states of waking, dream, and deep sleep come and go; but the 'I' always remains the same. Moreover, this world appears only as a reflection in my consciousness. If this consciousness were withdrawn from any substance, the substance would vanish. Here we must not confuse the issues. The 'I' is always only the subject; the world and the mental states are only the varying objects.

So consciousness is the basis of the whole universe. If there is no pure consciousness as different from the mind, intelligence and the ego, there cannot be any presentation or representation. The world exists and continues to exist because of our consciousness. As the basis of the whole universe itself, therefore, Pure Consciousness is and must be the Reality, Absolute, or *Brahman*. We must take, here, the 'I' alone, as the real

perceiver, and the whole of the world, body, mind and the mental states, etc, as something else but appearing in the clean mirror of our consciousness. It is the whole. This is the rationalistic Adwaita. So the 'I' alone is the Real. Nothing else is. The whole panorama is a chain of percepts apprehended by our pure consciousness, appearing only in the two states of waking and the dream, and ceasing to be in the deep sleep. They have no reality apart from or independent of our consciousness.

What is this consciousness about? It should be all-knowledge and intelligence, because we see it manifested in all our natural actions such as thought, and speech. The world or the body is my manifestation or projection, as it were. You may ask whence comes this necessary projection? It is a force of habit ingrained in me which binds the *ego* or the false 'I' eternally to the cycle of births and deaths, as it were. This is what is called *Maya* which is characterized by the beginningless ignorance. This ignorance belongs to the 'I' as an uncontrollable and unaccountable force. This force of *Maya* causes the variety and the two fold distinction of matter and spirit, object and subject. This is the sum and substance of the whole universe, characterized by mental phenomena and egoism. It is a mimicry of the Real Reality, appearing as a second-hand reflection of the Higher.

We will now sit quietly and argue. What is it that has caused this appearance or the mimicry? The cause is in the mind. So we come round indirectly to Truth about the cause of the appearance of the world in pure consciousness. A mirror is so absolutely pure

that it is able to reflect every thing without its purity being spoiled. So too consciousness is so pure that it is able to create anything and every thing within itself without its purity being lost. When this appearance or *Maya* is also actually defined, it too exists nowhere.

One fact alone remains. That is true Existence or *Sat*. Whatever thing we see, we say, *is* or exists. A snuff-box is nothing without the quality of existence or being and everything which can be qualified, by the word 'is' or 'being' exists. Take that word out, there is no possibility of anything existing. So all things exist because of the quality of Pure Existence or *Sat*, underlying all things as their absolutely necessary qualification. Therefore there is nothing else apart from *Sat* ; every thing is *sat* ; every thing is. Therefore the whole world which exists and persists in pure consciousness is also *Sat* or True Existence.

Bliss. all our actions are directed toward attaining some pleasure or a graduation of it. We don't reach perfection and hence the re-births in search of that unattainable pleasure. Even the regularity of the planets is due to the pursuit after the pleasure of absolute non-motion. This we cannot understand now.

I go into deep sleep. As soon as I wake up, I say I slept soundly and feel very happy and refreshed. All beings want to go to sleep with a view to enjoy the peace of rest and quiet. Sleep is Nature's device for us to get this necessary pleasure. Take for instance all our actions. One loves everything for the sake of one's Self only. One loves one's wife, wealth and children for the sake of Self

only. The 'I' or the Self is therefore, of the nature of purest Bliss or Ananda.

Brahman or the Reality Absolute is talked of in the Upanishads and the Vedas, as Satyam-Gnyanam-Anandam or of the nature Pure-existence-Knowledge-Bliss. 'I' am Pure-existence-knowledge-Bliss. Therefore the 'I' is one with the Absolute Reality, not as a part but as one indivisible whole. In the words of Thomas Carlyle, the Highest Reality reveals itself in man as the 'I'. . . . alas, what name shall we give it !".

C. T. SRINIVASAN.

" A DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF."

Miss Eve.

Among the loveliest creations of God, I would class Woman. Mother Nature has a hand in shaping her and "lovelier flower on earth is never sown". Nature seems to say, "She shall be mine and I will make her a lady of my own". In short, she is a glorious Rose on the face of the earth, a source of immense delight and happiness to mankind.

What is the purpose of this sweet creation on earth? Is she born to blush and fade unseen? No. She has been created to fulfil a noble end in life. I strengthen my view with the testimony of Ruskin: "Each has what the other has not: each completes the other and is completed by the other", and "the happiness and perfection of both" is mutual.

Woman has to walk hand in hand with Man, in the journey on earth. Her natural position in Society, I hold is sweet home, where she is "to keep the lamp burning" for the master of the house, her lord. It is a delightful thing for a woman to idolize her lord and it is a great pleasure for the man to appreciate the idolatry and place her next to his heart. A very honorable place must be reserved for her next to man, but an equal seat is *not* hers.

I know, by making this statement, I am launching into controversial waters. The Miss Eve of the 20th century wants to better her lot. She wants to emulate man in every sphere of life. In fact, there is not a sphere of activity she has not come into, which man has already

explored. Her passion—her craze—is to become man's equal, in all things—in swimming, running, playing, boxing, wrestling, riding, "bobbing". Atalanta won the running race always till one man was born to mock her success, vanquish her and subjugate her finally. Probably, our Atalantas know not their pre-cursor. Does not Woman try to deprive Man of his place in Society? Has she not become 'Queen of the air', not being content with her other title 'Queen of the Earth'? Has she left any room for doubt that ere long she will assert her title to 'Queen of the Ocean'? Further has she not given indications that she is easily man's superior in intellect?

It is no wonder. This century is well-known for its topsy-turvydom and its experimentation. In the race of life, let her look to it that she is not outstripped by her 'manly' rival.

The very fact that God has given man herculean strength and endowed woman with the "graces and charms" of Venus turns the scale of judgment in Man's favour. Does Chaucer say that the Queen of the Amazons conquered Theseus or he, her?

Chaucer pays Woman his tribute in his "Legend of Good Women". Spencer has sung her praises in the person of Britomart in his Fairy Queen. Shakspeare delights in drawing beautiful portraits of sparkling, lively, intelligent women. And Tennyson also has written in eulogy of them. The 19th century finds an advocate for the cause of woman in Meredith and his conception of women is elevated. In spite of these facts, one may doubt,

however, whether Portia can be happy with her Bassanio, Imogen with her Posthumus, Desdemona with her soot-black Moor. Surely, we feel that Clara Middleton could not be the partner in life to the Egoist, nor do we feel confident that the "Diana" of the crossways has found her equal in Mr. Redworth.

Of one thing, however, there is no doubt. Woman's intellect is infinitely superior to her rival's. When her pistol misses fire, she takes victory with the butt end of it. Does that go to establish her claim to equality? In answer I would direct her to take a leaf out of the delightful book of Portia who surrenders herself gracefully to her lord with the words:

> " "The full sum of me
> Is sum of something, which to term in gross
> Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised:
> Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
> Commits itself to yours to be directed
> As from her lord, her governer, her king".

The idea is oriental, and Imogen echoes her sister, with:

> "Look here, love;
> This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
> But keep it till you woo another wife
> When Imogen is dead."

Let our Indian sisters copy Rama's lovely better-half.

In this connection, I refer Miss Eve to Ruskin's "Lilies" and Wordsworth's conception of her sex. The

latter wants her to come to man with "a heart to feel and to understand" but not to question.

In support of this view, let me cite the testimony of by-gone ages. What did Helen of Greece gain by being beautiful? She was the pivot on which the Trojan war swung. Sita's womanly persistence in yearning for the spotted deer brought about the epic war. The tragic atmosphere of *Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline* and *Desdemona* is due to that unfounded suspicion which is death to name. Virtue and womanhood are inseparable. If Miss Eve swerves from the path of rectitude the finger of scorn is pointed at her.

The education Miss Eve requires depends very much upon the manners and customs of her country. In India, she may have the education which is characteristically called "primary education". She must develop her mind so that one may say of her,

> "That in thy gift is wisdom's best avail,
> And honour without fail".

She must equip herself so that her lover may find her in possession of,

> "A countenance in which did meet
> Sweet records, promises as sweet".

And when she enters on marriage, let her go to her helpmate with "a heart to feel and to understand", a mind to think and digest, a temperament that will conform to his taste.

Let her leave the business of perfecting her 'soul' to her husband: Miss Eve will do well to learn the

Science of Hygiene so that her children may have 'a sound mind in a sound body.'

This leads on naturally to the holy wedlock question. Everybody will concede that marriages are made in Heaven. Shakspeare says "Hanging and wiving goes by destiny" Goldsmiths opening line in the 'Vicar of Wakefield' is a well-known statement. Granted that man and woman must come together for a common cause—a divine cause– is it not necessary that before the 'fatal' step is is taken they mutually understand each other. It is a healthy idea to allow freedom of choice to both, in the matter of matrimony. Matrimony is a holy institution and therefore "What god has joined together, let not man sunder." In order to bring about a lasting and affectionate union between man and woman, a sort of compromise between the Western and Eastern customs may be desirable.

I am sure Miss Eve will come forward to vindicate her right to a place of equality whenever this point is raised, either herselt armed at all points, cap-a-pie, with her brilliant wit and charming persuasion, or backed by advocates drawn from the opposite camp. If she smiles and pleads for such a place with her beaming, melting, eyes, what man has the strength to resist her. But when she comes with her arguments before the judgment–seat of men, she receives the verdict: "Some concessions may be granted to you. If you want any more, well, it is a cry for the moon. Like the White Man's burden, it is the burden of us, men, to guard you, lovely ones."

I feel Miss Eve reproaches me with her arch smile and says, "I am certain, you have not a right feeling towards us at this moment. You are striving to be just to us, but you cannot. Is it because we fall so far beneath your boyish imagination? When you were a school-boy you thought a fair woman a pure goddess : you thought her ethereal, above men. " And these words readily come out, in reply, " I cannot speak or be silent. I am full of suspicions: you appear to me as children to whom I would rather give a sugar plum than my time. I am in a hurry to be gone . . . Excuse me."

Dear Miss Eve,do not,please, tempt Adam to yield to you,in place and out of place. Perfect thyself and become a paragon of virtue so that all humanity may exclaim with one voice :

" What hand but would a garland call
For Thee who art so beautiful ?
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside Thee in some heathy dell,
Adopt your homely ways and dress
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !"

The subject is a controversial one. Miss Eve sets us thinking and generally she carries her point as every home will bear me out.

S. N.

Percy catches a train.

Lo, Lo, Ye Muses and Ye Gods, Percy Pilum waketh !

You and I, gentlemen, accustomed to wake at 6 A. M. would find it difficult to rise at 2. How much more difficult for Percy—Percy who thought nothing of waking at 12 noon everyday ?

But this new wonder of the world, this tremendous event, proving that the age of miracles hath not yet ceased. How can one account for it ? Guess the reason—Easy. Percy was going on a journey and his train left at 3 A. M.

The very idea that Percy should have just opened his eyes at so unearthly an hour was entirely inconceivable. But Hark ! What is that ear-splitting noise coming from the vicinity of the dressing table ? It's an alarm clock going all out as if it were competing with a fire engine.

The noise was deafening, and Percy, rudely disturbed amidst his slumbers, leapt out of bed, rage and anger in his heart and murder—blue murder written on his face.

He rushed towards the clock vowing instant destruction. The darkness was impenetrable, and just as he reached the table something leapt at his face with a scream like the whistle of a train !

Percy stopped like one shot. A thousand conjectures flashed through his mind. Who could this nocturnal demon be ? And as he thought his knees began to stagger, his hair stood up on end and his eyes bulged

out. There was something moving stealthily on the carpet !

This was too much for our hero who giving sudden vent to his feelings shouted at the top of his voice while with mad frenzy he clutched at the nearest article of furniture.

The Pilum family was noted for its belief never to do things by halves. Percy, true son of his father, illustrious chip of the old block, lived up to the Pilum name.

With a fiendish yell he dashed about the room, with a chair held in his hands. Soon everything in the room was playing at catch-as catch can. The cheval glass—or what had once been one—was kissing the fan, while vases and brushes, pictures, time-piece, ink bottles and anzora cream were flying about in a wild galaxy of freedom. Percy, performing gyrations that the star trap-eye artists in carsons grand would have envied, yelled out blood-curdling-threats to his invisible enemy. "Down you blackgaurd !" "Yield, Yield I say." "I'll murder you, you fiend !" "Down Down !" "Got Him !" This last as the chair came down with a rending crash on the wash stand ! Jug, soap water, crashed to the floor while the chair splintered to fragments. But quickly catching hold of the nearest thing—it proved to be his hockey stick,—Percy carried on the good work-with further yells and crashes.

The shindy he was kicking up, to put it mildly, was enough to wake the dead. Father and mother who slept in the adjoining room were awakened by the terrific clatter and at once concluded that the house was attacked

by theives. His dad reached for his gun, ran to the door and discharged a shot at the roof of Percy's room thinking thus to frighten away the thieves.

The noise startled and stopped Percy's activities. But only for a minute. His fighting blood was up and, nothing daunted, he rushed towards the dim figure framed in the door-way. Narrowly missing being shot he uttered another yell and let his father have a resounding whack across his forehead. This was too much for the old chap, who subsided, feeling absolutely out of touch with the world around him-at any rate for the next five minutes !

Percy was just going to deliver another well aimed knock when his mother switched on the light. Percy's horror and anguish were indescribable.

Suffice it to say that after all this to do, he still had time to catch his train.

Hurriedly he flung his clothes into the suit case and dashed towards the stairs. His tooth brush, his soap, and his towel had got quite used to being deserted by Percy, so we shall not sympathise with them. Reaching the stair case at once proved the law of gravitation and landed him head foremost on the last step ! The noise his head made was quite alarming, but Percy didn't worry in the least. How often had his Tamil munshi told the class that Percy's head contained plenty of stuff inside-of the variety called Kallimunnu (clay) !

His next move was a wild rush to the garage. Having managed to start his father's car he made several brave efforts to leap the garden wall—car and all. During this process his mother's favourite rose-bush disappeared.

At last Percy turned the car and shot out of the gates calmly leaving one mudgaurd for the chauffer to pick up and several pieces of wood which had once been part of the garden gate—his father's pride and solace (old Pilum had carved on the gate with his own hands in his private carpenter's shop).

As he got within sight of the Station his engine gave a splutter and stopped dead. He had forgotten to open the petrol.

There was no time to be lost for he could hear a train whistle in the distance. So gathering up his suit case he ran pell-mell to the Station reaching it, it seemed, only just in time.

But alas ! the platform gates were closed, and no shouts, no entreaties brought anyone to his rescue.

The gaurd was blowing his whistle and waving his light. Still no one came to open the gate. Hysteria was rapidly getting the upper hand when a trolley man came along with his load.

He had hardly opened the gates when Percy charged. Head well down, arms together in perfect rugby style ! "Bonk !" One hundred and forty pounds of bone and flesh landed in the region of the trolley man's bread-basket. The result proved magical, for without a sound he rolled over.

Percy finding the way clear started to rush towards the train which was already in motion. Would he do it in time ?

Never before in his life had Percy put forth such energy ! He literally flew ! But misfortune seemed to

TWO SISTERS—"LILAVATI AND SULOCHANA."

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dog him. As he neared the last carriage a plump lady planted herself in his way with every show of affection calling him her "dear nephew." But Percy's manners were sadly in need of repair. With greater energy he continued his way, gallantly tripping up the plump lady with his suit case who suddenly found her nose come into violent contact with a hard, granite step!

But Percy had won. At last his fingers clutched the hand rail of the hindmost carriage. "Done it"! He shouted triumphantly, as with a final effort he swung himself aboard. But what was his horror to find the train flash past Gordon's house! Why! it was going in the opposite direction!

As usual he had caught the wrong train!

HENRY RUNGANADHAN.

Some misconceptions about the Sankara School of Vedanta.

The Sankara school of Vedanta is the most Magnificent achievement of Indian thought, and comes very near to satisfying the practical and the metaphysical needs of humanity. Its expounder is the great Sankaracharya, the mighty intellectual giant, who developed, elaborated and systematized the doctrines of that school. The *Adwaita* philosophy which he preached is universal and unsectarian in its essence. All philosophy has, from of old, been defined as the search after the one in the many, and if any one has successfully solved the problem of the one in the many in its social, religious, and political applications it is this one man of his age, Sankara—" the greatest philosopher the world has ever seen." The arguments which he uses in order to establish his doctrines are so subtle that it is far easier to misunderstand his principles than to understand them. Thus, owing to the inability to follow Sankara's reasoning, many misconceptions often arise in understanding the several cardinal points of this philosophy. Let us consider a few of them.

Vedantic *Nirguna* Brahman has often been described as something which is " abstract, remote and having no relation whatever with the world." In the *Adwaita* system, *Brahman* has manifested itself as external nature with a view to reveal to human beings its own immense and infinite power through her, and this manifestation is a continuous process and not a completed event. *Brahman* should always be conceived in its two inseparable aspects—

transcendental, and immanental, or, in other words, it is both the efficient and the material cause of the universe. The nature of *Brahman* is revealed in the changes and diversities of *nama–rupa* and is present behind its manifold manifestations in nature. These evolved *nama–rupas* have been described as the object to which *Brahman* stands related as the subject. Hence, the revealed changes of *nama–rupa* cannot be entirely separated from the underlying *Brahman*. In the *Taitiliriya* upanishad, Sankara says that all changes in external nature are due to the influence of *Brahman*. Hence, *Brahman* can never be described as a remote and transcendent being. Several writers on Vedanta have described the Vedantic *Iswara* as unreal and false. In the Sankara system, however, *Iswara* is not different from *Brahman*. Both are identical and it is wrong to argue, therefore, that God is false and unreal according to this system.

It is often said that in the *Adwaita* Vedanta, the *Ego* is merely an "abstract intelligence, destitute of activity." This is a serious misconception. In the first place, it must be noted that the self to which Sankara denies activity, is not the true or the absolute self at all. The true conscious self is always present behind the states and activities of the empirical self. We must draw a clear line of distinction between the empirical self and the transcendental self. The empirical self is only a collection of feelings, impulses and passions which are revealed in its movements. The agency revealed in these movements and activities does not belong to the empirical self at all, but is borrowed from the transcendental self which

is the true self. The real self is a purposive power and all other objects in external nature are but means for the realization of its purpose (*i.e.*) the realization of *Brahman* in our self. The absolute self is an active power which influences all the activities of the empirical or the relative self. That the true self is the seat of power is proved by showing that its nature is revealed in all our activities, physical, intellectual, religious, and emotional, and also in the structure of plant, animal and human organisms. Thus, according to Sankara, the universal *Ego* is not destitute of activity.

Another serious charge levelled at this school of philosophy is that the world in this system is held to be an unreality, an appearance. Since *Brahman* is the only reality, it has been hastily concluded that every thing else except *Brahman*—in fact all this world of sense perception—is false. Before examining the correctness of this view, it must be noted that Sankara mentions three distinct classes of objects, each having its own peculiar characteristics. The first class comprises objects such as the barren-woman's son, the sky flower. The second class includes objects such as the rope snake, the oyster-silver, the desert mirage. The third class embraces objects of the phenomenal world (*i.e.*) the various *nama-rupas*. The first group of objects does not serve any practical purpose, because it has no foundation in reality. It has no underlying substratum on which it could take its stand. Hence, Sankara considers these objects coming under the first class as totally unreal. But those coming under the second group have their support in reality. For example, the appearance of the snake has its support or substratum

in the rope. Hence, the second class of objects is not false in the same sense as the first class of objects. The empirical objects or the diversities of *nama–rupas* resemble the objects coming under the second group, namely, that they have an underlying substratum (*i.e.*) *Brahman*. Hence, the second and third classes of objects cannot be said to be non-existing in this system of thought. In the *Brihadaranyahaupanishad—Bashya*, Sankara remarks that the created elements of the world are real, and the underlying *Brahman* is the Reality of the Real. *Brahman* is a causal reality and it is a being. If the world is treated as a non-being, how can being give birth to non-being ? How can the effect be false when the cause is real ? Hence, the phenomena of the world are nowhere treated as unreal. They are unreal only in comparison with the absolute or the *paramarthic* reality. Sankara's comparison of the world to our waking and dreaming experiences does not favour the idea of the falsity of the world. The nature of the world is inexplicable (*i.e.*) it is neither absolutely Sat nor absolutely Asat. Prior to the creation of the world, the universe existed in *Brahman* in undifferentiated condition and hence it was real. But, when it came out of *Brahman*, it was treated as something self-existing and independent. In the latter sense, the world is unreal. Hence, the world cannot be said to be absolutely real or absolutely unreal even as our waking and dreaming experiences cannot be said to be absolutely real or unreal. The existence of the world, as such, is not denied but if it is treated as something different from the nature of *Brahman* or as something self-existing and independent, it is surely false. Or, even if *Brahman*

is erroneously resolved into the world and the two are made identical, the world becomes unreal. Thus, Sankara, nowhere has denied the existence of world and its changes as they stand. If it is said that the world is unreal, then, its cause (*i.e.*) Brahman would also become unreal which is quite contrary to the Vedanta doctrine.

It is generally believed that Vedanta is mere speculation and has nothing to do with the life and conduct of man and of human society. A western scholar remarks that this system is "opposed to ethical theism and religion." Let us see what the great leader of this school has himself to say concerning the place of ethics in the Vedanta.

Every individual is born endowed with all his natural instincts, impulses and desires. Every man has a nature of his own even at his birth—this is *Samskara*. It gradually develops as a consequence of associations and other conditions in which he is brought up. This *Samskara* is the undisciplined animal nature in man. The man possessing it is not yet a self conscious being, capable of discriminating between the right and the wrong. His awareness consists in simply knowing certain passive feelings and impulses aroused in him. In this life there is no method and no goal. The activities of the man cannot be called free since he is a slave to the passions and emotions aroused in him. But this is not the whole nature of man. Man is always more than what he actually is. He is not only the collection of his feelings, impulses and but is also something else. *Brahman* which is knowledge, bliss and existence absolute, is ever present behind him in its own

infinite nature as the inexhaustible source of all his activities. It is because of the presence of this infinite possibility in man that he is held responsible for his works—good or bad done by him, while animals are not. This infinite self is a purposive power and it makes use of the activities of man for the realization of its own nature. If the actions and activities of man be entirely separated from the higher self, and be treated as independent, they are useless, for, in them, there is no order, no unity and no purpose. This higher self is capable of attaining the highest good which is self-realization (*i.e.*) the realization of identity between the individual soul and the universal *Brahman*. The purification of the mind or the *antahkarana* is quite necessary for the attainment of the highest good. For the purity of the mind, the cultivation of moral virtues is a great aid. Sankara gives many kinds of moral virtues that are conducive to the destruction of natural evil desires. They are (*a*) Sympathy or identity of feeling with the object of the emotion which one experiences on the perception of joy or sorrow. (*b*) Indifference to pain and pleasure, good and bad, (*c*) Non-attachment to the world and its results, (*d*) The absence of self esteem and fickleness of mind. (*e*) The performance of certain rituals as enjoined by the Vedas. (*f*) Disinterested works without the expectation of their fruits and a host of others.

There are, of course, passages in Vedanta where Sankara clearly distinguishes between *Jnana and karma* and asserts the superiority of the former over the latter. How can actions give *Moksha* or liberation? asks Sankara. Actions are performed only for the following four purposes

(1) for producing something new, (2) for getting near an object, (3) for effecting a change in an existing thing, (4) for purifying anything which is impure. But *Brahman* is eternally existent, always within our reach, immutable, and ever pure. So, how can *Karma* produce *Moksha* ? It is only the *Jnana* that produces the desired effect. But this does not mean that all works which are performed are useless. *Sakama-karmas* or works done with selfish motives are condemned, for, they will prove a source of bondage. But, *Nitya karmas* or disinterested works are ever recommended for the purification of the mind which is indispensable for *Jnana*. Still, care should be taken that even unselfish and disinterested works are done only as means to an end and not as ends in themselves. So, *Karma* and *Jnana* are not really antagonistic to each other but supplement each other for the attainment of one common goal. Thus, it will be seen that it is wrong to suppose that ethics have no place in the Vedanta Philosophy.

R. NATARAJAN.
IV Class.

Fuller's Modestine.

Two years she grew on hay and grass,
Then Fuller Said, " A lovlier ass
On earth was never seen ;
This beast I to myself will keep ;
I'll cover her with costly silks
As never beast had been.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse ; and from me
The beast, in rock and plain,
In crumbling roads, in July heat
Shall get a good corrective neat
With frantic might and main.

Thus Fuller spake—the work was done—
How soon this ass's race was run !
She died and left to thee,
Your heaps, your pond, your smoothened stone,
The memory of what had been,
And what will ever be.

A. N. R.

Murder.

If a prosperous modern man, with a high hat and a frock coat, were solemnly to pledge himself before all his clerks and friends 'to count the leaves on every third tree in his town, to hop up to office on one leg every Thursday, to repeat the whole of Mill's "Liberty" seventy-six times, to collect three-hundred flowers from every farm he passes, to remain for thirty-one hours holding his right ear in his left hand, to sing the name of all his aunts in the order of age on the top of an omnibus or make any such unusual undertaking', we should immediately conclude that he was either mad or that he was an artist in life. And it is with the intention of being styled an artist—for none of us desires to be called a mad man—that we propose to support and defend the cause of murder.

There are some statements that no one ever thinks of believing, however often they may be made, and one of them is that murder is honourable. The tyrants and deceivers of mankind, the so-called valuers of morals and standards, those accursed workers and martyrs in the cause of civilization, have implanted in us, perforce, the idea that Murder is not decent, no, not even honourable. We cannot rate them too low, we cannot curse them too much, these perverters of humanity—humanity natural and upright according to its own moral values. These reformers curb, even in the growth, the natural honesty of our humanity. They even glory in their iniquity, and style themselves prophets and apostles and sons of God. They are, to themselves and to the mem-

bers of the Mutual Admiration Society, Prince charmings who have kissed awake sleeping virtue. They have not the courage to say with Nietzsche. "Let so called virtue sleep, for it will be the more refreshed when it wakes". Out with these; clean the world of such rank weeds, that better growth be!

Not in the remotest hope or expectation of convincing or converting anybody, not convinced myself that all should be murderers—for then there would be no such professionalism—only hoping that some of us might be, in this twilight world of ours, yet a chosen few, do I say the following words. No murderer, not even his defendant asks to be believed; nor can he expect others to believe him.

As there are two equal and eternal ways of looking at this twilight world of ours—"We may see it as a twilight of evening or the twilight of morning"—just as we may think of anything down to a fallen acorn as a descendant or as an ancestor; so also there are two ways of looking at and estimating murder—One, as we need not say, is right, extremely right and intensely justifiable; the other, we will not go so far as to call it wrong or unjustfiable, but only insane and incorrect. What the former is people of my point of view will easily discern, and with greater wisdom. The base moralist may clamorously cry it down, appeal to human fairness or loftily beat it down as he pleases, but my attitude simply is that facts *are* facts. There they are. And any one who has severely and honestly thought over the matter on hand will cast his vote in *my* ballot box—we are highly democratic and

"votive" now-a-days we might tell those who don't know and serve a sinking cause to raise.

No artist will ever believe that murder is indecent. No man bubbling forth with energy and untiring enthusiasm, will ever doubt the sanity, correctness or righteousness of murder. No man however peaceably inclined, will ever fail to appreciate the nerve-edge moments of an adventurous life; and no one, however unsagacious will say that there is any other life more adventurous than that of the murderer. And we may add that no one, be he a dunce or scape–grace prodigal will ever raise his head to say that Murder is not a paying profession—payment as a by-product—in the jail or outside. As to honour, fame or influence, why, you had better argue with Falstaff.

If you agree not with me, well you need not. "As I said the other day, "[I quote]" in conversation with Aristotle and Bunyan and Washington and Socrates and Plutarch and a few others, why should anybody believe me?", or for the matter of that believe anybody else?

K. N. S. MANYAM.

A Plea for Indolence.

Ever since Adam fell, humanity has been made to toil and trouble. Of course they want to shake off the curse. But they are helpless. The idea of indolence hasn't, obviously, struck them. It is the best remedy, also the cheapest. " Keep quiet, Don't Worry. Trust in God"—that's my advice to all perplexed by the impending examinations.

In my opinion, two kinds of people exist : the men of hurry and the men of indolence. The man of hurry is the ordinary man of the world—the fussy chap who has a bite of toast, a sip of coffee, gets into a *Dodge* and flies in it as though he is fleeing for his life. He enters the office and sits down to work. The table-cloth is dirty and he rates the peon a full hour. But the man of indolence is not of that stuff. He is quiet in his doings, kind-hearted and tolerant to his fellow-men.

My friends have their own callings. Punkah-pulling is one. Any day you can see him in an office—his hand going up and coming down with the rope, while his eyes are half shut and his head full sunk. The post man who saunters on the *Verandah* of the hostel belongs to the same fraternity. With a smile on his lips, he says " Krishnaswami, B-4—No-Sir." " Any M.O." ? In reply, he sticks out his lips—he won't waste his breath. By the by, I like postmen in general. They are the most obliging men on earth.

Many of this species do not at all work for their livelihood. " Like the fowls of the air, they toil not." They have faith in God. Leading a hearty, nomadic life,

to-day they are found at South Car Street, Chidambaram. A few days later they will be vociferating at the Ticket Collector at Madura on the injustice of his asking them to show their tickets. After a week, one can perhaps see the same brood, squeaking and squealing at the *Central* on their way to Benares. Begging alms or observing fast, they somehow pull on taking no thought of the morrow.

Men of letters have praised indolence in its high, philosophic aspects. Shakespeare, I hold, preferred men of reflection to men of action. Falstaff and Jacques, not to speak of Bottom who was "translated" into an ass, are more truly Shakespearean than Bolingbroke or Othello, or even that Henry V—his epic hero. Johnson was acute and witty and worldly-wise. But he was also lazy and ease-loving. Wordsworth sang of placid, unassuming persons, like Simon Lee or the Solitary Reaper, who are engaged in quiet commonplace duties. This fact clearly shows his hatred of the headlong haste so characteristic of modern times And the Wordsworthian note in these poems is contained in lines like.

"For oft, when on My couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive Mood
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils—

—Which represents a leisurely, retrospective mood, born of ease and contemplation. Keats's heroes are spiritless. They "Swoon" at the sight of their sweet-hearts. Professor Garrod thinks that the word "drowsy" was Keats's

favourite and it is expressive of, what he calls, his "1817 Mood". Hazlitt says that "the least respectable character among the modern politicians was the cleverest boy in Eton". R.·L. S.'s *Apology for Idlers* is convincing. Arnold cries down the "sick hurry" of the present day. Carlyle is of opinion that "Speech is great but silence greater". And silence, you will admit, is born a twin with indolence.

The complaint against a book-worm is he reads much and thinks little. He is useless at domestic duties. He can't stand out and higgle and strike a bargain. Neither does he shine in Company. I wish such a person lounges in an easy chair and gives a loose rein to his fancy. Take my word for it, an ounce of indolence leavens a ton of learning.

"O. B."

On Laughter.

" Laughter is my object "—Randolph.

" Life is a comedy to him who thinks"—Horace Walpole.

Laughter is a human phenomenon. Among lower animals it is a rare occurrence, if it is met with at all. So then, man is a laughing animal *par excellance* (let me add in a whisper—a *laughed at* animal as well). All of us like to laugh. Here I exclude some people, who are always moody and meditative. Such people are ever brooding over the evanescence of all mundane pleasures, the inevitability of death, the inexplicability of our future after death and other complicated topicalities of the like nature. But the normal human being is no pessimist So we *should* laugh and laugh and 'grow fat'. By this I do not mean that one should be ever laughing in season and out of season without any reason. In that case people would think that he is drifting towards the Lunatic Asylum.

Laughter is the expression of mirth, pleasure or the sense of the ludicrous by movements of the facial muscles, (sometimes laughter is accompanied by a concomitant motion of the body). There are different kinds of laughter even as there are different kinds of men. So then let us make a scientific study of the phenomenon of laughter and see whether or not there are different kinds of laughter.

The two main divisions of the process of laughter are the audible variety and the inaudible one (the latter

kind is oftener called a *smile*). Loud laughter is both seen by the eyes and heard by the ears. But a smile is expressed by a motion of the lips—the eyes playing a small part. Sometimes the teeth of the person who smiles, have a partial peep through the space disclosed by the separation of the lips from their initial position of contact (here of course I assume that the person who smiles has teeth, that is, I exclude old grand pappas and babies).

What is it that provokes laughter in us? Let us *take* a man without a nose. If that man uses snuff, he should be very careful in handling his snuff-box. If the snuff-box of the man '*wanting a nose*' be small enough and if he is careless in using it, it is highly probable that the *snuff-box itself* would slip into his nasal cavity. Now, when we see such a man, who 'though wanting a nose is extremely curious in the choice of a snuff-box, we laugh. It is nothing more or less than the absurdity and the incongruity obvious in the man that makes us laugh'. On comparison we applaud our own good sense in contrast to the absurdity present in the man and therefore we laugh. So self-elation is one of the factors which invoke laughter in us. As Hobbes puts it, 'laughter is a sudden glory'.

Laughter is provoked when we observe or contemplate upon ludicrous situations and incongruities. Thus we laugh not only at the irresistible comic exterior of Falstaff, but also (perhaps more) at the contrast between his inordinate desire for enjoyment and his small capacity for it, between his helpless old age and his affectation of youth. Similarly we laugh when we see a man who

has no teeth, but who is very eager to taste a hard nut.

Some tickling occurrences also make us laugh. When Rivarol, a man who had but a dubious claim to the appellation of a 'nobleman', was expatiating upon the rights of noblemen, he repeatedly used the words '*our rights*'. One of the audience smiled at this. "Do you find anything singular in what I say?" asked Rivarol. "Sir, it is the *plural* that I find *singular*" was the dexterous answer. Here the event tickles us, and we commend the humour of the pun, and cannot repress laughter.

'Laughter is a special *social* function,' says Bergson. However spontaneous it may seem, laughter depends largely upon the company around us. A man was once asked why he did not weep at a certain sermon when the whole crowd was in tears. He replied, 'I don't belong to this parish'. "What that man felt about tears is even more true of laughter."

Different kinds of laughter are provoked by different situations and causes. We have *grave* laughter, (most indulged in by a sombre philosopher), *derisive* laughter, *scronful* laughter and *idiotic* laughter. Let us take an illustration. Suppose one of our lecturers, puts us the question "Who abolished monasteries?" (in an English History class). Suppose one among us answers "Jesus Christ." Then the lecturer and the boys laugh. Here the lecturer is said to laugh a *scornful* laugh and the boys a *derisive* laugh. Sometimes the student, who made the ridiculous answer, himself joins with the others and laughs. Here he is said to laugh an *idiotic* laugh. There

are many other varieties of laughter. But a consideration of all the varieties would increase the length of this article and perhaps would bore the reader.

Laughter is a useful function in human life. It is an Elixir of Life. It is an effective way of curing eccentricity and unsociability in their early stages. It benefits the lungs. May, I therefore conclude the article and ask you to " *Laugh and keep Young* ".

S. RAMADASAN.

III–H. (Literature.)

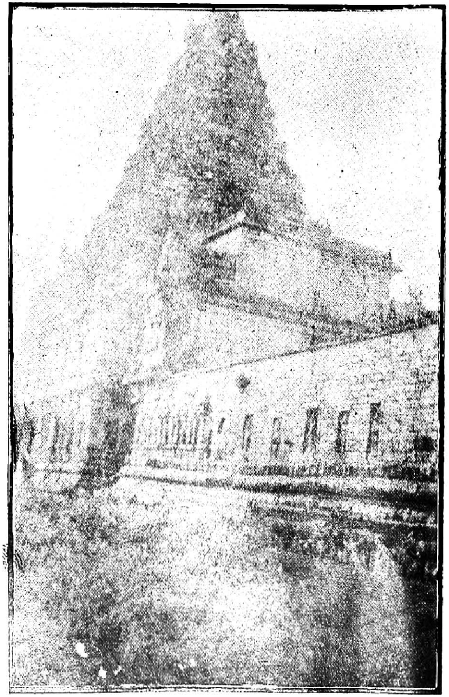
University Notes.

Since the publication of the last issue of our Miscellany our young University has been growing into the second year of its existence ; and it is with something of the joy of a mother over her growing infant, that we proceed to record its many-sided activities and enlarging interests. True, it still bears on its body the marks of its lineage which caused people to wonder whether it was not, after all, a mere replica of its elders. Such fears may now be laid at rest, for, while preserving the links with the past, it has begun to show more sharply than last year that in its form and lineaments it is something different from all its precursors. In this difference, we venture to believe, lies the secret of its fascination and the promise of its endurance. This year, it has drawn to it a larger number of imaginative minds from far-off places ; its activities are being eagerly watched and discussed by the Press—though in a rigidly journalistic manner—and above all, it has inspired its members with a faith in its future, and a pride in their association with it.

University Hostel.

The strength of the hostel remains more or less intact: many of the old faces are missed, but those who have taken their place are scarcely less interesting. Perhaps the most striking feature about the Hostel this year is the strengthening of the ranks of the Malayalees and the Andhras, and a corresponding increase in the number of Resident Tutors.

For sometime last term, the Hostel was without a Warden. It turned out, however, that while we were


Side view of the temple showing the sculptures in the niches.

One of the dozens of huge monolithic dwārapālakās of the temple.

looking for one from elsewhere, the real one was moving in our midst devoting all his loving care to strictly inanimate matter. While we offer our congratulations to Dr. Ramachandra Rao, on his appointment as Warden, we would assure him, that the mass of live matter with which he will have to deal, will provide him with greater diversion than he can ever derive from the mute subjects of his laboratory.

The customary Terminal Dinners of the various Sections came off at suitable intervals to enable the members of the staff as well as the students to participate in many of them. As an instrument for promoting goodwill and hospitality a terminal dinner is hard to beat.

We must not omit to mention the observance of the Tilak Day and the Onam festival. The latter, which has become almost a University festival, and that means another holiday in the year, was celebrated with all the warmth and liberality for which the Malayalee is justly famous. The highly organised vocal demonstration which was the best part of the Day's festivities, was thoroughly entertaining though frought with gravest danger to the timpanum of the hearers.

Obituary.

The Shadow, cloaked from head to foot, visited us during the Michaelmas Holidays. On the afternoon of 23rd September, P.D. Krishnamurty, an Andhra student of the Third Class, went to bathe in the tank, in front of the temple, with two of his friends. While trying to swim across the tank, he grew tired, and thought it best

to return. But when he was within a few yards of the steps, he collapsed suddenly, and sank down, and never came up. He was taken out immediately and all that was possible in the circumstances was done to restore him to life, but, in vain. The doctor who examined his body, finding no symptoms of death by drowning, said that the sudden collapse was due to heart-failure; that was the reason why he neither cried out for help, nor struggled for life.

He was not with us for long; he came to us from the Benares University, late in the term, and before we could know him well, has passed away. When the University re-opened after the holidays, the Vice-Chancellor, the Warden and the members of the Hostel, met to give expression to their grief at the loss of one of its members- in the prime of his life. Their condolence was conveyed to the bereaved family. The University was closed on the afternoon of the 4th October, as a mark of respect to his memory.

Games and Sports.

Physical education holds an honorable place in the activities of the University, and it is gratifying to note an increasing recognition of its value among its members. The keen interest shown by the 'freshers' in all manner of games and athletic exercises augurs well for the future.

To ensure that the benefits of Physical Education are available to all, the Department of Physical Education took a step forward this year by initiating a scheme of Compulsory Physical Training for the Intermediate and Junior B.A. students. Although, this measure might at

first cause some inconvenience to students coming from the town, we have no doubt, that in the long run it will bear fruit in their improved physique. The interest in the well-established games of Cricket, Foot-ball and Hockey is being steadily maintained. But Tennis, because of its expensiveness, has declined in popularity, Volley Ball and Base Ball taking its place.

It is perhaps best to refrain from venturing any statement regarding the strength of our University Teams. Our outlook in Foot-ball and Cricket is hopeful, thanks to the valuable contributions from among the new-comers. The fact that they have been able to defeat the Staff Teams proves nothing, for, it is hardly probable that they will come across such generous and lenient opponents in foreign fields. However, we are not without hope, that they will give a good account of themselves when they set out on their tours.

The main sporting events of last term were the cricket-match played against the Tanjore Cricket Club and the Annual Match between the staff and the students. In the former, which was a well-fought one, the visitors played a splendid innings and won, while in the latter, the students had an easy victory in spite of the remarkable pluck displayed by the staff.

In addition to these, there were a few intramural matches in Foot-ball and Hockey between the staff and the students, which, besides providing endless delight to the spectators brought out the sporting resources of both sides.

Inter-Collegiate Sports.

The Annual Inter-Collegiate Athletic Sports for the Raja Sir Annamalai Chettiar's shield, came off on the 10th and 11th of October. Besides our University, the Madras Medical and Engineering Colleges, both entering for the first time, and Bishop Heber College, Trichinopoly, last year's winners, took part. The Medical College which was easily the best, carried off the shield with 53 points and Mr. D'Costa of All-India fame, belonging to the same College won the champion-ship medal. Our University came second with 23 points, the mile runners annexing all the points allotted to the event. We take this opportunity to congratulate our sportsmen who competed for the various events, and helped to show that our University, at no distant date, can hold its own against any College in the Presidency on the Athletic field.

In this connexion we would congratulate specially, the Students' Volunteer Corps, the Athletic Committee and the Judges, on the excellent manner in which they discharged their respective duties.

The high level of the Sports this year was largely due to the two Madras Colleges. With such adversaries to contend with in the future, our standard is bound to improve. We trust that our men will strive to emulate the splendid example set by them and make our University a training ground for true sportsmanship.

120 yds. H. Hurdles	...	Balakrishna Menon, (M.C.)
100 yds. Dash	...	D'Costa, S.F, (M.C.)
440 yds. Run	...	Beatles, B.N. (M.C.)

Mile Run	...	Ramaswami, A.S. (A.U.)
Pole Vault	...	D'Costa S. F. (M.C.)
Shot Put	...	Denton, (M.C.)
High Jump	...	Nilakantam, K. (E.C.)
Long Jump	...	D'Costa, (M.C.)
Hop Step and Jump	...	D'Costa, (M.C.)
Relay Race	...	Medical College.

GRAND TOTAL.

Medical College	I	...	33 Points.
Annamalai University	II	...	23 ,,
Engineering College	III	...	14 ,,

Championship.

D'Costa 24 points for a Total 81 individual points.

Annamalai University.

K. M. Gopalakrishnan	...	6 points.
A. S. Ramaswami	...	5 ,,
R. Natarajan	...	3 ,,
R. Narayanaswami	...	3 ,,
C. Ayyaru	...	1 ,,
Govindarajalu	...	1 ,,
Radhakrishnaswami	...	1 ,,
Relay	...	3 ,,
Total	...	23 points.

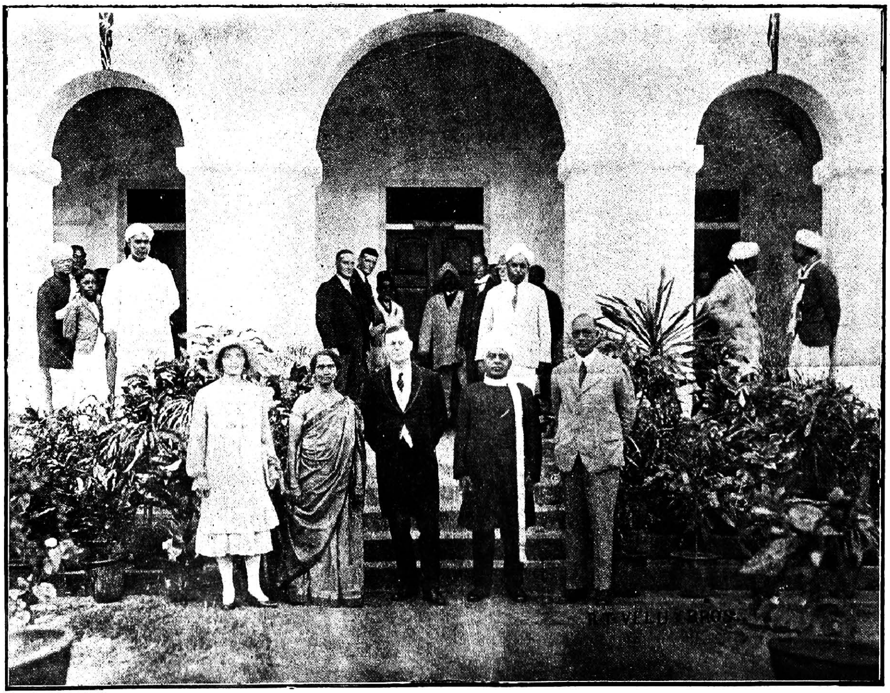
Staff Cricket Club.

The inaugration of the club was performed by M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Ranganathan Avl., on the 6th of August, 1930. It is hoped to improve and strengthen the Club's activities this year by arranging for a number of matches. It has already played some matches with the 'Varsity Eleven and the Rovers' Eleven. It expects to participate in all the Cricket Tournaments connected with the University Sports activities.

University Union Society.

President. S. E. Ranganathan Esq., M.A., I. E. S. (*Vice-Chancellor.*)
Chairman. Mr. E. L. Raghava Mudali (*First Term.*)
Mr. R. Venkataraman (*Second Term.*)
Secretary. Mr. S. V. Venkataramanan.

The Union Society is as active as ever. It was fortunate in getting Mr. F. L. Brick Stocke, I.C.S. Collector of S. Arcot, to deliver the inaugural address, in which, he described the important part that a Union Society might play in the life of a University. Dr. Gravely's lecture on 'South Indian Temples' and Mr. Dann's lecture on 'Town Planning' which were both given with the aid of slides, opened our eyes to the architectural beauties which lie around us, and which we are so apt to neglect. In the weekly ordinary meetings, topics of common interest like 'Vegetarianism and Non-Vegetarianism,' 'Modern Civilisation is a Failure,' 'Federal Government for India,' and 'Burglary is a decent Profession,' were discussed with all the animation and gravity characteristic of our Union Society.



Group Photo taken on the occasion of the presentation of Sannad to "Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganatham Avl.," Vice-Chancellor of the Annamalai University, on the 30th August, when Mr. Brigstocke, the District Collector of South Arcot, presided. (From left to right Mrs. Brigstocke, Mrs. Runganatham, Mr. Brigstocke, (Dt. Collector), Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar, Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganatham.)

Photo by R. T. VELU & BROS.,
Cuddalore.

English Language and Literature Society.

President. Prof. K. M. Khadye, M.A.
Chairman. Mr. A. N. Ramanathan.
Secretary. Mr. M. G. Gopalakrishnan.

The society began to function early this year and has held several meetings. The inaugural address was delivered by Prof. K. M. Khadye on 'The Study of Literature,' Mr. C. R. Myleru addressed an extra-ordinary meeting on 'Bharathi and his Songs' and later in the term, Mr. P. A. Subramania Ayyer spoke on 'The Literary Critic.' In the ordinary meetings papers were read and discussed.

Physics Society.

President. Dr. S. Ramachandra Rao.
Secretary. Mr. S. Sriraman.

The Physics society began its independent existence this year under favourable auspices. The President delivered the inaugural address on 'The Importance of Scientific Research,' illustrating it with slides showing the life of perfect convenience enjoyed by the peoples of the West, as the result of the remarkable progress they have made in Scientific Research. The Vice-Chancellor presiding on that occasion exhorted the members to cultivate the spirit of enquiry. In its first ordinary meeting Mr. Sahasranaman spoke on 'The Romance of Atom.'

Philosophy Society.

President. Dr. S. Sen.
Chairman. Mr. D. Satyamurthi.
Secretary. Mr. K. R. Sreenivasan.

The society held four meetings last term. In the first Mr. M. Sundarachar of Mysore discussed 'The Three Systems of Hindu Philosophy.' The inaugural address on 'The study of Philosophy in Indian Universities' (which appears earlier in this number) was delivered by Dr. Sen.

Economics Society.

President. Prof. T. K. Duraiswami Ayyer M. A.
Dr. B. V. Narayanaswami (*First Term.*)
Chairman. Mr. T. A. Subramanyan (*First Term.*)
Secretary. Mr. K. S. Venkataraman.

Prof. T. K. Duraiswami Ayyer gave the inaugural address on "New Economics." In an extra-ordinary meeting Mr. E. S. Sunda, B.A., B.L. spoke on 'Some Agricultural Problems'. The ordinary meetings in which the students take a leading part are well attended.

History Society.

President. Prof. P. T. Sreenivasa Ayyengar, M. A.
Chairman. Mr. S. Santanam.
Secretary. Mr. S. Natarajan.

Owing to unavoidable circumstances, the Society began its work somewhat late in the term. In the first ordinary meeting Mr. Balasubramanyan discussed the burning question of International Politics, 'Will Briand succeed?'

Tamil Society.

President. M. R. Ry. R. P. Sethu Pillai Avl. B.A., B.L.
Chairman. Mr. V. Balakrishnan.
Secretary. Mr. P. K. Arunachalam.

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Prof. P. T. Sreenivasa Ayyangar delivered the inaugural address on 'The Geographical basis of the Tamil Culture.' The society held several ordinary meetings all of which were well attended.

Social Reform Club.

President. S. E. Ranganathan, Esq., M. A., I. E. S.
Vice-Chancellor.
Chairman. Mr. C. R. Myleru, B. A. (Hons.)
Secretary. Mr. M. G. Gopalakrishnan.

The Club is popular with the maximum number of 40 members on its rolls. During the last term it met regularly every fortnight and discussed some vital questions such as 'Jail Reform,' 'Population,' 'Legislation and Social Reform.' The Club is now working on a written constitution as framed by a Committee of the Club. Its manuscript magazine will appear shortly.

Andhra Sangam.

This Sangam is flourishing well on what may be called a foreign soil. Its strength has nearly doubled this year, and with it the liveliness of its meetings. It met four times last term. The manuscript magazine which is being contemplated will be published soon.

Malayalee Club.

President. Mr. K. Rama Pisharoti, M.A.
Chairman. Mr. K. Nandi Nambudiri (*First Term.*)
Mr. G. V. Panikkar (*Second Term.*)
Secretary. Mr. K. P. Govind.

The club is doing exceedingly well. It met regularly last term and discussed subjects of general interest

like 'Literature and Society.' 'Female Education' and 'the Excellence of poetry.' It has decided to run its own manuscript magazine in Malayalam.

The Annamalai University Dramatic Club, 1930.

Patron—The Pro-Chancellor.
President—The Vice-Chancellor.
Vice-Presidents—Messers. S P. Ragland &
C. T. Srinivasan.
Secretaries—Messrs. Henry Ranghanathan and
K. S. Venkataraman.

The club has just begun its preparation for its Annual Dramatic Performances. Rumour has it that there is a mine of histrionic talents among the new comers waiting to be excavated. That is very encouraging.

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Thompsen & Co., Madras.